





















*F. Bock del.*

*J. L. Reid sculp.*

*Frederick Schiller*



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SCHILLER GALLERY,

CONTAINING

CHARACTERS FROM SCHILLER'S WORKS,

DRAWN BY

FREDERICK PECHT AND ARTHUR VON RAMBERG.

*FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED ON STEEL.*

**With Descriptive Text,**

BY

FREDERICK PECHT.



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## PREFACE.

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WORKS on art must not only explain but justify themselves; if their vitality is not sufficient to do this, all the recommendations in the world cannot save them from an early death.

The author of the explanatory text of this work, acting in conjunction with Arthur von Ramberg, in fathering those children of the Muse which are here offered to the public, prefers therefore to send this book into the world without any sponsor, and to let it make its own way. The result has justified his decision, for the voices of the police authorities of criticism, who have examined into the legitimacy of these brain-children, as they have appeared one by one, or serially, so to speak, have agreed in this at least, that they have sound bodily health, if not fine manners; and the public, whose business it is to support them, has received them with surprising readiness.

It is just this that lays upon us the duty of uttering a few words of apology for such of our little flock as are not well washed and kempt. Against coolness one can



arm himself with pride, but kindness at once opens the heart to gratitude and a sense of unworthiness. Both of the fathers knew well that the reception given to their progeny has been, and must be, all the more friendly in proportion to the closeness with which these brain-children repeat in themselves the features of their mother, the Muse of SCHILLER.

Who could fail to love her? Whose heart has she not made to glow with her look, when he on whom her eyes have fallen was young and full of noble aspirations? Whom has she not had the power to elevate, move, warm, and fill with renewed youth, on meeting her in the autumn of life, and looking again upon the beautiful and gentle Muse who once stirred the youthful feelings with such powerful promptings? If we once looked upon her with adoration, only to lose her from sight in the later storms of life, even if not to disown her, our astonishment will be all the greater to find, on meeting her again, that Schiller's Muse is to be prized all the higher, the more she is understood. What she was before to our heart, she becomes subsequently to our mind; we see a new side of our goddess, and she, who once took our senses captive by her fascinating charms, now elevates us even while she sets us free from her slighter and more ephemeral allurements.

Children, confessedly, resemble not the mother alone,



but the father as well. If this is an inevitable evil, it is no less so in our case, where the peculiarities of the fathers are much more obvious than those of the mother. But if in any one of these art-children there is any thing that may remind the observer of the graceful Schiller Muse, its fortune is secure. To attain the whole vast perfection, the lofty elevation of that Muse, cannot be dreamed of. There is not a painter in Germany who is competent to portray adequately Schiller's characters, and still less can the German engravers pretend to such a measure of skill. Still, if the artist must abandon all hope of attaining the whole beauty and loftiness of the original, and of grasping all the thought which animates and glorifies each feature, he can at least try to observe closely, and reproduce faithfully. He will not fail in this case to create a living work, and one whose similarity to the original will be all the more marked, the more salient he tries to make its individuality. The fancy of the observer, thoroughly acquainted with the original, will be stimulated to fill out that which the artist was not able to reach. This is the fundamental thought which has guided the efforts of both of us in the drawings which are now laid before the reader.

If even the photographs of well-known persons seem to one to be faithful portraits, while they are unrecognizable by another, it is unquestionable that in the free



creation of forms, whose individuality is the dictation of the imagination alone, there must be scope for the gravest varieties of opinion. And this will be more certainly the case when, as here, the original drawing cannot be published, only an engraved copy of it, where, however marked the success, there will be something of the excellence of the drawing wanting, and where, be the success indifferent, the best half never reaches the public eye.

The difficulty of engraving has offered the more obstacles, inasmuch as the undertaking now presented to the public is the first one of the kind. Illustrations heretofore have been done either on wood or in lightly-engraved outlines, this style answering better the efforts of the idealizing German school to give a general characterization than to individualize closely. A course so entirely opposed to the one hitherto followed must meet many hinderances. Draftsmen and engravers have gallantly sought to overcome these obstacles, and many plates of our collection give honorable testimony that, in the case of the engravers, these efforts have not been in vain. We, at least, cherish the belief that our work need not fear comparison with similar undertakings out of Germany, and for the very reason that we have not copied foreign productions. The connoisseur will readily confess that, much as he may criticise rightfully in us, not only our faults but our merits are our own.



Enjoying the favorable support of the public, we shall hope to make profitable use of the experience which we gain in this work in the Goethe Gallery, which is in contemplation; and shall enter upon the preparation of it with new courage and hope.

Schiller's life itself exhibits such a continuous and unwearied struggle after perfection, as to form an illustrious example for every German. We hope that it may be said of us that, in our attempts, we have sought to render it due honor.

A few words may be permitted respecting the explanatory remarks which the author has added to the engravings, and for which he alone is responsible. He is the less able to assert that he has added any thing new respecting the poet, that he must frankly confess his ignorance of what is old and already written. It has always been his preference to enjoy the poet himself, instead of studying critics and commentators; and where he has found the need of assistance, he has confined himself to the admirable hints which Gervinus and Julian Schmidt have thrown out. It is not necessary here to repeat in full what he himself has reached unaided, or what he has received from others, since the drawing and the text will be found mutually explanatory and illustrative.

Before this work was commenced, the author, in



common, probably, with most of his countrymen, suffered from the misfortune of not having read, but having merely devoured, Schiller, in his youth—of having learned his melodious verses by heart, but with very slight appreciation of their value. He had been entranced by only one side of Schiller's genius—the pomp and glory of his language, and the glowing colors with which he has painted an ideal world, and set it over against the world of reality. The man who has no mind in himself, has little appreciation of mind in another. And the author, like so many in the period of youth, contented himself with merely recalling certain sonorous sentences; and, at last, on entering manhood, and experiencing the reaction of that period, those sentences, once so lofty and grand, appeared of doubtful value, and made him look contemptuously on the poet for years.

The problem that we all have to solve is this: to take the ideals of youth with us into our maturer years, reanimate them, give the beautiful form and the lofty word definiteness and meaning; to unite the ideal and the actual world, so as to make the former of service to the latter, instead of carrying them both around in our consciousness alienated, the one despised and denied by the other, because we know not how to construct a bridge to bind them together.

It needs a long and rich experience of life to make

one capable of this ; to so far endow a man that he shall not deny the possibility of the ideal, and close his eyes upon it, instead of seeking and finding a divine element in what is human. And yet, in this very way, every sound nature is to come back to those ideals of youth, which ordinarily rest upon a solid foundation.

The author had, for a considerable while, devoted himself to these studies, when the publishers of this work communicated to him their intention of undertaking the Schiller Gallery, and requested him to assume the task. The original plan was that the work should form a kind of pendant to the English works—the *Women of the Bible* and the *Characters of Shakespeare*, the German editions of which have been published by the same house whence the Schiller Gallery issues. The centennial celebration of Schiller's birth has seemed the most appropriate time to honor his memory by a work, the scope of which has hitherto had no parallel. We have heretofore had representations of Schiller's heroes and heroines, but no such collective illustrations of his works as would answer the demands of the present day.

The resemblance between this volume and the two which have just been alluded to, is only external. The work is neither French nor English, but German. It must be a far closer study of the poet's meaning than any foreign work which exists, if we would truly, and



with pious deference, interpret all his wealth of meaning. The author would scarcely have ventured to undertake a work of so much difficulty, had he not had the good fortune to secure the artistic cooperation of his richly-endowed friend Arthur von Ramberg.

In commencing his task, and more especially in preparing the illustrative remarks, the author entered upon a renewed and thorough study of the poet; and must confess again, as at the outset of this preface, that in these later readings the genius of Schiller has appeared grander, richer, and more powerful than ever in his youth; and that these later impressions prove themselves abiding. The public now receives the result of these studies, and it is to be presupposed that it will be most acceptable to those who come by a similar experience into relations with Schiller. If the work is less acceptable to others, they need enjoy none the less with his immortal muse; for it is the truest indication of classic works of art that they give to every one a feeling of lofty satisfaction; that they offer something to every one, and vary their gift according to the character and training of each recipient.

MUNICH, *October*, 1859.

F. PECHT.

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## FREDERICK SCHILLER.

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It is not the object of the following lines to give a biographical sketch of our most universally-beloved poet, but only to throw out a few hints in grasping his personality, as it is expressed in our likeness of him. The portrait which we give, varies from those which are usually met, and leads us necessarily to the manner in which his genius is displayed in his face. This method is peculiar, not only to the likeness of the poet, but will form the basis of our method of treating most of the characters found in his works. Our space will limit us to few and brief remarks.

Great and generous natures are often accustomed to nurture within themselves characteristics which are, apparently, directly antagonistic. This they do for the very reason that they are able to unite these opposite phases, and to reach results far beyond those granted to more simple souls. This is, in an eminent degree, the case with Schiller; and the will-power is the very kernel of his nature.

It is the general custom of writers to regard Schiller as the representative of idealism in our poetry and Goethe



as that of realism. It is not to be denied that the former displays everywhere a marked tendency to idealize, and that this spreads splendor and nobleness over every thing that he executes; but to us his real artistic talent appears to lie much more on the realistic side. With every artist it is important to discriminate between that which he desires to do and that which he really does. With the lower orders of minds the thing reached is of a much more ordinary character than the thing purposed; with Schiller, on the contrary, the thing done is often better than the thing aimed at. As abstract ideals, his characters are often without marked personality as originally conceived; but, in the elaboration, they come out quite different, and gain an individuality of life, which gives them much more value than what the poet originally designed. Our inventive faculty is in a measure subject to our control, a fact hinted at even by language itself, one of the truest guides in psychology, to find out being directly connected with to find (in German, *finden* and *erfinden*). In many of Schiller's characters there is, consequently, a certain contradiction between their speech and their action; the poet now following his inspiration, which never misled him, and now his preconceived idea, which often, as in the "Bride of Messina," led him in entirely false directions. That, in the main, he followed the inspiration of composition, is one of the best proofs of his high poetic faculty; all the more conclusive that, in his greatest passages, he

always does so. Schiller's often-quoted lines express his own view :

“ What in song shall live,  
Must not in life survive.” \*

One might conclude from this—and the romantic school has even done so—that the essence of poetry is past, dead, in what has become history or myth. On the contrary, it consists rather in what has life, as Schiller's own works show, which everywhere are best when they lock themselves closest to the interests of his time, whether it be in *Wallenstein* painting the apotheosis of German chivalry, portraying in the hero a character such as Napoleon's rising star presented to his own gaze ; or in *Tell*, representing the struggle of a noble German tribe against a foreign yoke—a thought altogether too familiar to Schiller at that time ; or in the “Robbers,” and “Love and Intrigue,” inveighing against the social conditions of his day and land ; or in *Don Carlos* pleading the claims of cultivated men on the state ; everywhere his poetry contradicts and overthrows his own theory. His characters are taken from real life, and those which approximate closest to reality are always better than his ideals—the latter, Marquis Posa Verrina, Louisa Millar, Thekla, etc., cannot be compared in poetic merit with his portraits, such as *Wallenstein*, *Tell*, *Octavio Piccolomini*, and others. His ability in

\* “ Was im Gedicht soll leben,  
Muss im Leben untergehen ! ”



picturing real life is all the more remarkable that, in the multiplicity of details which he constantly gives us, we scarcely find a hint that, like Goethe, he busied himself with observing real life. On the contrary, he overlooked it, left it behind, isolated himself from it as much as possible. And just as a genuine painter is constantly giving attention to the form and color of objects around him without knowing it or wishing it, so Schiller was constantly studying objects, and treasuring them in his memory, without really wishing to do so.

This unconscious gathering up of treasures, which his fantasy was subsequently to use, is the true mother of that artistic intuition so eminently displayed in Schiller. Above every thing else, the artist has therefore sought to exhibit in his portrait the poet as we find him in Schiller. As the tendency to idealize is so prominent a feature of his muse, as there is in him something unquestionably abstract, something alien to the world of experience, the poet is represented in an attitude rather looking inward, rather listening to the voice of his own inspirations than contemplating objects around him. He has something of a seer's and prophet's air, he is occupied solely with what is great and exalted; and, as Goethe says, so finely and fittingly of his deceased friend, one must seek

" Behind him, in the empty space,  
What binds us all, the commonplace."

Conjoined with this prophetic gift, there is that super-human power of his that seizes us, and bears us away on the soaring pinions of his glowing enthusiasm, to a loftier height than any other German poet has been able to reach. His broad, firmly-collected brow is the seal of his strength and loftiness, his earnestness and depth; the glance of his eye shows the dreamy reverie, and his other features, rugged and alien, worthily complete his face, and out of their antagonism chime in a lofty harmony.

Schiller was, above all things, a poet, but he was also, and we may say it with emphasis, a Suabian. And, with all its skill and rich endowments, with all its manly strength and decisiveness, this branch of the great German family is probably the least approachable of all—the most crabbed, hardest, least docile, most stubborn, least pliable, and most passionate. These qualities were doubtless observable in our Schiller; the cross-grained, proud, and retiring nature, the impatience, the fierce glow of hate as well as of love, all worked powerfully in this timid, reserved, and intractable spirit. The Suabian peculiarities manifest themselves very clearly in the defiantly raised under-lip, the broad fixed chin, the strong cheek-bones, the markedly defined features. You may see also the nervousness of the thinker who wrought late into the night; and who was so accustomed to regard his body as the mere slave of his spirit, that he was snatched so prematurely away.



This makes it clear that the personality of that Schiller of whom we have so many traces—red-haired, pale, tall, and emaciated—is a mixture of timidity, fear, and even antipathy, which, nevertheless, found such a mighty counterpoise in the massiveness of his genius as to transform dislike into reverence and enthusiasm, even when intimacy with him was forbidden. It is a matter always to be joyed over, therefore, that while in Goethe we have the most harmonious of characters, a personality the most brilliantly furnished both within and without, that any modern nation has displayed in its poets, we have in Schiller the most illustrious example of a spirit, whose own lofty nobility is able to glorify all that was ignoble in the form that contained it.







## CHARLOTTE VON LENGEFELD.

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As "a blooming child, with the Graces and Joy as her companions," Lottie encountered the young poet, when, in the society of his friend Wolzogen, subsequently the husband of the older sister, Caroline, he first visited Rudolstadt and the Lengefeld mansion. At a later period, she herself says that, just like a young girl, little communicative in society, she was all the more silent in the intimate circle of her home. A cheerfulness, nimbleness, and natural good-humor appear in every line of the first year's correspondence which Schiller's daughter, Baroness Gleichen-Russwurm, has lately presented to us; but, at the very outset, it is nothing but her youthful freshness and gracefulness which interest us in her.

Soon after that fleeting visit to Rudolstadt, Schiller met her again in Weimar, where he felt himself decidedly drawn to her. The correspondence, now in our possession, arose from an interchange of books. After the return of the two sisters to Rudolstadt, the correspondence was continued, and led, the next summer, to

Schiller's passing several months in the neighborhood of Rudolstadt, where they accustomed themselves to walks and mutual visits—he to give of his intellectual resources, she to receive. This went on so happily, and with such zeal, that, in the successive letters, one can almost see how the spirited, bright, and yet entirely unlearned girl, was intellectually growing. It was in this period of pleasant summer-walks, amid the cheerful Thuringian hills, when the lovers met almost every day on the meadows or in the wood, that the artist has represented Lottie, in the fair period of first love, when the young man, now looking dreamily within himself, now rapt with enthusiasm, with the flash of genius upon his pale brow, poured out his spiritual wealth, and took captive the heart and senses of the girl just ripening into womanhood. Externally, the affair seemed to be exactly the reverse: the young, lively, and spirited girl, made more easy and familiar with the ways of the world through her intercourse with the court and the noble families of the neighborhood, than was the timid, sensitive poet, would seem to have attracted him, and bound him all the more closely to herself, inasmuch as their relations at that time had merely the form of simple friendship; and neither Schiller nor Charlotte appears to have recognized a warmer feeling. It would seem that the older sister, Caroline, the more gifted of the two, would more naturally have charmed him, since, in her strong tendency to cultivate herself, and her ripe under-



standing, he found what more closely bound him to herself; but, as we never seek what we ourselves have, the freshness which he found in the younger gained the victory in his heart over the culture which he found in the older. Not that Lottie had not enjoyed remarkably fine advantages for that time; she had read and learned much more than she now understood; but knowledge had, as yet, wrought no effectual work upon her—it had not yet become a living principle; reflection had made but little change in that youthful cheerfulness which made her view every thing in the golden morning light of her own warm feeling, and compelled her to idealize as Schiller himself did, who, at that period, went so far as to write of her: “A spirit like yours seeks things that lie in the enchanted background, in a fairer light than they really have; we seldom find such people as you.”

Her love for the poet awoke into powerful activity her desire to improve herself, as soon as the winter had removed him again. She determined to be worthy of him; and the manner in which, girl-like, she runs from little things to great, makes an odd impression; in one letter, jumping from Schiller to Gibbon, discussing Christianity, leaving this to discourse of Plutarch, touching lightly on Pompey and Cæsar, turning from them to the Portuguese and their merits in modern geographical science, then bringing some new French romances under review, and ending with Mirabeau.

In spite of this mosaic of subjects, however, the ripeness of her mind, in the sunshine of her love for a man so gifted, begins to be apparent in a multitude of fine and strikingly characteristic remarks and thoughts, unlike any thing seen in her before the earnestness of love brought her being to maturity. For example, she says: "The friendship that wants to share merely agreeable things is selfish;" at another place, "The heart can extract something from very small materials; the understanding, however, craves larger stores;" again, "Habit must be revered as one of the most beneficent of goddesses;" and, once more, "More is unquestionably gained by imparting our ideas to others than by merely bearing them round ourselves, for it is by communicating them that they receive clearness and sharpness."

And thus it went agreeably on. As her judgment acquired correctness respecting things, it grew noticeably surer respecting men; and we can well understand with what joy Schiller once proudly claimed this progress as the fruit of seeds planted by himself. In the autumn of 1788, he entered upon his professorship of history at Jena. This prevented a protracted interview with Charlotte the next summer; they merely met for a few days at Lauchstadt, and subsequently at Weimar. A declaration now took place, and, from that time forth, their correspondence assumes a liveliness and warmth which often moves us deeply, as it presents the great poet

on his most sympathetic and amiable side. And with Lottie, too, there now comes to the foreground a passionate, boundless love, overshadowing all other thoughts, so that even the reader of her letters experiences a sensation of relief, when, at the close, he sees that the lovers have reached the consummation of their wishes, and formed that union which was to be to both the richest spring of unbroken happiness during the sixteen years in which they were to belong to each other, during all of which our Lottie unfolded that devoted and abiding loyalty and love of which only German women are capable in so eminent a degree.

The obligation which the German nation owes to this amiable woman becomes all the more manifest, when we look at the change which his marriage wrought in the poet. Down to that time he had not rightly apprehended woman's nature; all the female characters which he had till then conceived—with the single exception of the remarkably portrayed violinist's wife in "Love and Intrigue"—have something hard and false; they are figures which, in spite of all their pathos, lack the true warmth of life. We see that, till then, the poet had contemplated women only through the medium of fantasy or sense. From that time, on, he gives us a series of noble female characters. Countess Terzky, the Duchess of Friedland, Gustel von Blasewitz, Mary Stuart, Donna Isabella, Agnes Sorel, the Maid of Orleans, Hedwig, Gertrude (Stauffacher's wife), can compare in life-likeness



with the creations of any other poet. There is in the relations of these women, to the men whom they loved, a truthfulness and a natural warmth (more especially in portraying the marriage relation) which, in Tell's wife, reaches the highest poetry ; and which can be ascribed to the happiness of his home, and the influence of his Lottie.







## CHARLES MOOR.

(*The Robbers.*)

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OUR nature is the paper, and the world the envelope, which, together, constitute the perfect man. The complete personality is not merely the product of our native spiritual qualities and sensibilities. It is the result as well of the experiences which meet us in the course of life, the influences of the external world developing our personality, but, at the same time, transforming it, and making the result a complete character. The richest natures must, by the inevitable contact with life, be the more transformed in proportion as this contact is varied ; and it is a great mistake to expect of a gifted man that, in his fiftieth year, he shall be exactly what he was in his eighteenth, when his life was an unwritten sheet of paper, subsequently to receive its coloring, and to be pale and mean, or brilliant and attractive. And those persons in whom the influence of the external world produces very slight changes, and whom we usually speak of as characters, are generally either meagre natures, or deficient in life.

In a soul as richly endowed as Schiller's was, the latter contingency is a thing impossible, since such a soul

takes up into itself all the life of its times, lives it anew, and reflects it, as a diamond takes up the smallest beam of light, and breaks it into a thousand rays, while a whole world of sunshine can impart no splendor to the pebble. Although the attrition of the outer world brings its true value to the gem, and makes it continually more brilliant, it cannot change the worth of the pebble in the least; it can reduce its size, break it into fragments, but never enhance its value. Nor does it do so to frame it in costliest gold, while such a setting is recognized as simply due to the jewel.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, if the personality of the poet appears to us quite different at the outset of his life from what he was when his genius had matured and purified by the experiences of a rich inner and outer life. As his genius was the grandest and most awe-inspiring when it had advanced victoriously through life, it is a study all the more interesting to trace it back to its first work of power, as we find it in "The Robbers." Just as in the Bible, so in Schiller's play, the first quality that strikes us is power. In "The Robbers," we witness a struggle with the whole order of the world, carried on in the most energetic manner, and to just such an extent as this world was within the sphere of the poet's knowledge. That it was, at best, but a fragmentary acquaintance with the world; that Charles, with his great nature, could enter upon no better work than attacking defiantly an "ink-shedding age," going

into the forests, becoming a robber-chief, and having *melées* with the police; this child-like want of relation between what was in his thought and the means which he took to reach his end; this shows us better than every thing how such fruit could ripen on the dusty seats of the Charles School at Stuttgart.

The irresistible effect which he wrought upon the youth of that time is explained by the extraordinary genius which the young poet expended in the effort to reach his odd goal. If Charles, in his stupid hunting-down of corpulent parsons and rich farmers, is like that giant who undertook to throw millstones to Spatzten; if he shows us in this, more distinctly than in any thing else, the horizon of the poet, which at that time extended only from Stuttgart to Ludwigsburg, he teaches us to comprehend the amazement which must have seized the cosmopolitan Goethe, as he looked upon this untrammelled production of the young man's genius, and the delight of all the youth, whose very soul was pictured in this wild life. And Charles differs merely from the youth of his time, that he was really able to hurl the millstones, and that he came soon enough to a confession of the folly with which he began his course. He says of himself:

"There he stands, poor fool! abashed and disgraced in the sight of Heaven; the boy that presumed to wield Jove's thunder, and overthrew pigmies when he should have crushed Titans."

Charles, in whom the poet draws his own portrait as



nowhere else, is, in what he says of his inner life, full already of that lofty spirit, that scorn for every thing common and low, that remained the most marked characteristic of Schiller's Muse, unchanged amid all his later transformations ; and when the camp-life of the students and the robbers is subsequently portrayed in detail, there is brought into play a plastic power, which graves it all upon the memory, and makes it live. In spite of the continued blame with which we must visit all Charles's errors, when we are not compelled to smile at them, the heroic element in his character always takes us captive. In his gloomy humor, he sees only the shaded side of things, but this most clearly, as we learn from his genuinely student-life portrayal of the age, as well as from his own expression, that "the law never makes a great man." But that great men are appointed to make laws, not to overthrow them—this, twenty years and a fiery soul are not so well able to discern !

Inferior poets tell us that their hero is gifted, grand, imposing, even while he is doing very ordinary things ; but Schiller's Charles is, to a certain extent, really so ; in all that he says, there are traces of a remarkable man, in spite of his exaggerated feeling, his errors ; even in spite of the sweltering pathos into which he is falling every minute.

Although the poet makes him fully confess his errors—

“ Oh, fool that I was, to fancy that I could amend the world by misdeeds, and maintain law by lawlessness! I called it vengeance and equity; I presumed, O Providence, upon whetting the notches of Thy sword, and repairing Thy partialities; but—oh, vain trifling!—here I stand upon the brink of a fearful life, and learn with wailing and gnashing of teeth that *two men like myself could ruin the whole edifice of the moral world*. Pardon! pardon the boy who sought to forestall Thee; *to Thee alone belongeth vengeance*. Thou needest not the hand of man! But it is not in my power to recall the past. That which is ruin remains ruin; what I have thrown down will never more rise up again. Yet one thing is left me, whereby I may atone to the offended majesty of the law, and restore the order which I have violated”—

and so effects an undoing of the cruelties into which he had been hurried, step by step, through the fierce violence of youth; yet we fear it is in this form a subsequent addition, a reflection put into the mouth of Charles by the poet when he revised the piece.

For the purposes of the artist, there are sufficient hints given in the play. At the very outset, he is represented as a lofty, proud, and massive figure; and, on his subsequent visit to the castle of his fathers, Francis recognizes him by his wild, sun-burnt countenance, his long neck, his black, flashing eyes, and the dark, bushy eyebrows that overhang them. The scene in which we have represented him is the celebrated monologue, where, returning from his interview with Amelia, he thinks, in despair, of suicide, and whispers to himself:

“ If the paltry pressure of this paltry thing” (putting a pistol to his head)  
“ makes the wise man and the fool, the coward and the brave, the noble and the villain, equal” . . .

If Charles commits all possible cruelties, and reasons sentimentally on them afterward, the discrepancy between his feelings and his actions is certainly not to be solved; it lay in the mind of the poet, who wanted to draw a character different from himself, and yet transferred his own feelings and thoughts to his poetic creation.







## A M E L I A .

(*The Robbers.*)

Is a man able to portray what he has never known? If he cannot, we need not wonder if the youth, from the Charles School, was unable to give in his first work her true tint to the only female figure introduced; if he does not represent her so faithfully as he does the wild companions of his youth — Roller, Schweizer, Spiegelberg, and others, whom he portrayed from life.

In Charles, the poet has painted himself rising in burning indignation against the order of things around him, a legalized condition of affairs that had settled into dead mechanical form. In Amelia, on the other hand, whose features could hardly have been taken from a living original, we can see what ideas he had of noble women before he knew them. In a man of his greatness, it is worth the trouble to examine the somewhat indistinct and hastily-drawn features which he gives her.

A poor niece of the elder Moor, early orphaned, she was educated in his house, and grew up on equal footing with the two brothers. It was but natural, therefore,

that, under these circumstances, her glowing, love-craving heart turned to the splendid character brought before her in the older brother. Even the envious Francis says of him :

“ Here, here Charles reigned sole monarch, like a god within his temple ; he stood before thee, waking ; he filled thy imagination, dreaming ; the whole creation seemed to thee to centre in Charles, and to reflect him alone ; it gave thee no other echo but of him.”

In this all-victorious love, her enthusiastic soul goes wholly out to him, clings to him with unshakable fidelity, despite all the calumnies of the brother. She sees through these sooner than does the credulous father ; and steadfastly and courageously defends her lover. Love, that transforms us all, gives her, too, spirit and strength, makes her a heroine, teaches her to penetrate what is cunning, and despise what is base ; makes her know the round of all sensations, from those which are most blessed to those most fraught with death ; and gives her a wealth of experience that she had scarcely known before, for love is the school-mistress of woman.

This spirit, inspired by love, the timid girl preserves, and, with it, gallantly confronts the insidious brother, to whom, notwithstanding he holds her fate in his hand, she displays her scorn everywhere, and even tears the dagger from him when he persecutes her with his caresses, and puts the coward to flight. This touch is all the more fine and true, in that it makes more clear



to us the passionate desire of the cold Francis for her ; for a woman of decision must have had a special charm for a feeble-hearted spendthrift like himself ; a weak woman Francis would have recklessly misused and trodden under foot. Now, he can do no more than break her heart by the news of Charles's death, brought by Hermann, who had been tampered with by Francis, and used merely as a tool. The rich count cannot shake her fidelity. It is, however, brought into a state of rarest perplexity when her lover, after years of separation, appears in the disguise of a stranger, and at once takes her heart captive ; there being something in his bearing which recalls the delightful days, long ago past, with Charles. The scene in which the artist has represented her, is where she conducts the stranger to the portrait-gallery of her ancestors, sunk in painful recollections of her old happiness, so wonderfully connected with the experience of the present moment, as she shows Charles's likeness to the stranger, and asks a solution of the riddle written in his face. He has conceived of Amelia as a slim, tall figure, with great, dark, enthusiastic eyes, full lips, indicative of longing and tenderness, a lofty brow quivering with pain ; and, putting the bitter question to fate—why all the charm of her life must be withdrawn. Her own words express best what she would say :

“Gone ! as our best joys perish. Whatever lives, lives to die in sorrow. We engage our hearts, and grasp after the things of this world, only to undergo the pang of losing them.”

The hot eagerness, exaggeration, reckless passion which breathes through all that Schiller wrote, during this first period, pulsates also in Amelia as often—and that is almost always—as she thinks of her love, whether lamenting him, whom she believes to be dead, or surrendering herself to the recollection of past days :

“His warm embrace—oh, ravishing delight!  
With heart to heart the fiery pulses dance—  
Our every sense wrapped in ecstatic night,  
Our souls in blissful harmony entranced.

He's gone! forever gone! Alas! in vain  
My bleeding heart in bitter anguish sighs;  
To me is left alone this world of pain,  
And mortal life in hopeless sorrow dies.”

or whether, with a feeling of dread, she at last discloses these sensations to the stranger :

“‘You are in tears, Amelia?’ these were his very words—and spoken with such expression—such a voice! Oh! it summoned up a thousand dear remembrances!—scenes of past delight, as in my youthful days of happiness, my golden spring-tide of love. The nightingales sang again with the same sweetness, the flowers breathed the same delicious fragrance as when I used to hang enraptured on his neck. Ha! false, perfidious heart! dost thou seek thus artfully to veil thy perjury?”

Incredible as this not recognizing him is, inasmuch as directly after she knows him at once in the forest, there is at least more consistency in her conduct than in Charles, who, in every situation, merely obeys the impulse of the moment, while she never forgets her

passion—always speaks and acts conformably to it; in her last interview, even wishing to die in her rapture :

“I have him; O ye stars, I have him! His forever; he forever, ever mine! O ye Heavenly Powers, support me in this ecstasy of bliss, lest I sink beneath its weight!

“*Charles*. Tear her from my neck! kill her! kill him, kill me, yourselves, everybody! Let the whole world perish! [About to rush off.

“*Amelia*. Whither? What? Love! Eternity! Happiness! Never-ending joys! and thou wouldst fly?

“*Charles*. Away! away! most unfortunate of brides. See with thine own eyes; ask and hear it with thine own ears! Most miserable of fathers! Let me escape hence forever!

“*Amelia*. Support me! For Heaven’s sake, support me! It is growing dark before my eyes! He flies!”

or when, seized with horror at his and her condition, she begs her death at his hands :

“Oh! for Heaven’s sake! By all that is merciful! I ask no longer for love. I know that our stars fly from each other in opposition. Death is all I ask.”









## FRANCIS MOOR.

(*The Robbers.*)

As the “cold, dry, wooden” Francis, his own father speaks of the venomous reptile, whose fearful character will probably always be regarded as one of the greatest creations of our poet. This appellation seems to have become proverbially common in the Moor mansion, to indicate the younger of the two sons, before his character was better known.

We see, in the very first scene, that he was lacking neither in wit nor in wickedness—least of all in reflectiveness; his inclination to sophistry and craft is his most marked characteristic; he has a strong philosophic bend, and everywhere indicates his close acquaintance with the materialistic philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; he has appropriated its entire method, and used it in justification of his horrible wishes.

Men are, confessedly, more inclined to envy the brilliant external qualities of others than their internal traits. The existence of these they find it more con-

venient to deny. The striking splendor of the older brother's nature, exerting, as it did, a magic charm over every one, filled the younger with such a hatred of nature, which seemed so neglectful of him, as to make him forget even the ties of blood. This wild rebellion against nature becomes the ground-thought of his being, and he frankly confesses it when he says :

“ No small cause have I for being dissatisfied with Dame Nature, and, by mine honor, I will have amends. Why has she heaped on me this burden of deformity? on me especially, just as if she had spawned me from her refuse! Why to me, in particular, this snub of the Laplander, these Negro lips, these Hottentot eyes?”

The artist has only to complete the hints which are given here, to perfect the representation of Francis, who represents himself with so little flattery; he must give him that knavish, externally composed, inwardly passionate appearance; he must indicate that tendency to reflect, develop the hidden, secret brooding of his character, as these qualities manifest themselves throughout the play. His is the nature of a recluse; let his wishes and passions be of the wildest kind, his nervous temperament always leaves him in the lurch when he needs courage. Cowardice and cruelty are cousins which almost always appear together, and this is the case with Francis. He is a pale, red-haired, overgrown youngster, with thin, pale lips, who never can look one in the face; a tall young man of twenty, with an unformed, boyish face, in which only the forehead is broad



and powerful, the rest weak and incomplete. Francis is vain, and therefore richly clothed, although the incessant agitation going on within him makes him neglectful of his toilet. Even in his wildest passion, he must maintain a distinguished appearance; the nest-bird of an old family cannot avoid the delicate and effeminate conventionalities of life. Be he lacking in spirit, there is no want of mind, acumen, and fancy; and even where he has not at hand all the resources he needs, his active imagination is perpetually causing him to exaggerate his strength :

“Let those swim who can, the heavy may sink. To me she gave naught else; and how to make the best use of my endowment is my present business. Men’s natural rights are equal; claim is met by claim, effort by effort, and force by force. Right is with the strongest; the limits of our power constitute our laws.”

The foundation of his education, the materialistic philosophy of the eighteenth century, displays itself particularly in all his reasonings on the conscience :

“Honor! truly a very convenient coin, which those who know how to pass it may lay out to very good advantage. Conscience! oh, yes, a useful scarecrow to frighten sparrows away from cherry-trees; it is something like a fairly-written bill of exchange, with which your bankrupt merchant staves off the evil day.

“Then, courage, and onward! The man who fears nothing is as powerful as he who is feared by everybody.”

In like manner, where he makes merry with the ties of blood :

“He is thy father! He gave thee life; thou art his flesh and blood, and therefore he must be sacred to thee. Again a most inconsequential deduction. Do I then owe him thanks for his affection? Why, what is it but a piece of vanity, the

besetting sin of the artist who admires his own works, however hideous they may be? Look you! this is the whole juggle wrapped up in a mystic veil, to work on our fears; and shall I, too, be fooled like an infant?"

Or where he justifies the murder of his father:

"Is my soaring spirit to be chained down to the snail's pace of matter? To blow out a wick that is already flickering upon its last drop of oil—'tis nothing more."

Thinking so lightly of the murder of his own father, of course that of his brother is the merest trifle:

"A happy journey to you, brother! The spleeny, gouty moralist of a conscience may trouble old usurers on their death-bed; he will never gain audience with me."

To complete the portrait, there is only wanting sensuality, since this and cruelty always go together.

The closing scenes, in which the despised conscience at last maintains its rights, and scourges the poor Francis, are of fearful power, and develop with the utmost clearness the whole wealth of Schiller's genius. After seeing this abandoned man seek all the arguments to build the superstructure of his crime upon, it thrills us to witness his own destruction beneath the crumbling ruins of his own edifice:

"Vulgar prejudice, mere superstition! It has not yet been proved that the past is not past and forgotten, or that there is an Eye above this earth. To die! Why does that word frighten me thus? To give an account to the Avenger there, above the stars! And if He should be just—the wail of orphans and widows, of the oppressed and tormented, ascending to His ears, and He be just? Why have they been afflicted, and why have I been permitted to trample upon them?"

"There is no God. I am well aware that those who have come off short in this world, look forward to eternity; but they will be sadly disappointed. I have always

read that our whole being is nothing more than a blood-spring, and that with its last drop mind and thought dissolve into nothing. But I do not wish to be immortal. Let them be so that like. I have no wish to hinder them. I will force Him to annihilate me. I will so provoke His fury that He may utterly destroy me. Tell me which are the greatest sins, which excite Him to the utmost wrath.

“Listen to my prayer, O God in heaven! It is the first time; it shall never happen again. Hear me, God in heaven. O Lord, I have been no common murderer; I have been guilty of no petty crimes, gracious Lord; I cannot pray. Here! and here [*striking his breast and his forehead*]! all is so void—so barren! [*Rises from his knees.*] No, I will not pray. Heaven shall not have that triumph nor hell that pastime.”

This gradual increase of the horror of death is painted with all the more power, from the very psychological truthfulness of the monster strangling himself out of the very fear of death.









## F I E S C O .

*(The Conspiracy of Fiesco.)*

THE three earliest plays of Schiller grow out of a reaction against the existing order of things ; they are characterized by a revolutionary spirit. In “The Robbers,” where society is attacked, this has the freest play. In “Fiesco,” it limits itself to revolt against the State ; in “Love and Intrigue,” it has for its object differences in social rank.

Fiesco was intended to be a “republican tragedy ;” in it Schiller wanted to make an apotheosis of that form of government. Under his hands, however, it became something quite different—almost the reverse ; for the most of the characters which he portrays—Gianettino Doria, the Moor, Sacco, Calcagno—are nothing but adopted citizens of a republic ; and even their preferred representative, Verrina, with his cold, empty, conventional Roman spirit, is not able to make their possibility intelligible to us ; in short, the poet’s genius, while instinctively grasping what is true, was not sufficiently acquainted with the world to insure correctness. There

is, in the play, many a reminder of Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Emilia, Galotti ; Julia, Verrina, and the Moor, are old acquaintances.

Original as Fiesco himself is, even in what we must regard as misconceived, we are compelled to recognize everywhere the lion's claw. How perfect are the popular scenes ! How extremely rich in invention, in unexpected incidents, in thrilling, captivating passages, the whole play ! How happily, and with what a genial instinct, is the national coloring brought to light in the hero !

Fiesco is wholly an Italian, an aristocrat, and a politician. He has his nation's fluency, and love of talk ; he has the craft and secrecy, the presence of mind, and quick perception, of his countrymen ; colossal and imposing in character, he has the immoderate pride of the genuine aristocrat, and a little vanity in the enjoyment of his own brilliant personal qualities. The boundless ambition which consumes him is conjoined with a love of intrigue, but, at the same time, with so much scorn of danger, as to win our interest and sympathy.

The most remarkable trait of the character is, however, the manner in which the young poet brings political affairs to light in Fiesco ; we have an instance of this in the scene where the artist represents him in his interview with the citizens :

“The government was democratical, every thing was subjected to a majority. The cowards were more numerous than the brave. Numbers prevailed.”



Swarthy, with cunning, penetrating, snake-like eyes ; slim and tall, flexible and agile as a panther ; especially characteristic is his imposing bearing, which affects all, winning for him the hearts of women as well as of the people ; in short, of all who want to be captivated, not convinced ; and not, without truth, can he say of himself, "The blind of Genoa know my step." The mysterious background, that impenetrability of his, which all the women, as well as the statesmen, recognize in him, increases his power ; for, like every hidden thing, it only creates an eager curiosity. It does not speak well for human nature, but it is true, notwithstanding, that open spirits, secure in their own good intent, do not, however gifted, exert that influence on the masses which cunning politicians wield. At the foundation of this there may be a true instinct, that with all the ability of these straightforward souls to comprehend large plans, they may not be able to bring them to completion, since the doing of all great deeds is veiled from the world.

But that which especially charms us in Fiesco is the richness and inexhaustibility of his nature. His culture, spirit, manly beauty, nimble wit and grace, fire and courage—these are all united in him, charming not only the weak and susceptible, but showing those of keen perceptions that he was a man called to high deeds.

The individuality of his nature appears most remarkably in his humorous relations to the Moor, since there he moves the freest. The Moor is a droll rascal ; and

gifted men like Fiesco are often captivated by wit. This appears strikingly in the beginning of their acquaintance, where the Moor leads off with the assertion that he is an honorable man, an assurance that becomes suspicious the oftener it is repeated. It is characteristic of the Moor that he is willing to be called a knave, but not a blockhead ; and this draws Fiesco to him. Their relations are also indicated by Fiesco's reply, when a Jesuit said that a fox lay disguised there in sheep's clothing : " One fox smells out another." The cavalier in Fiesco is expressed, when, speaking of his name, he said :

" Blockhead ! that name is as easy to be remembered as it was difficult to achieve. Has Genoa more such names than one ? "

Or in his vexation that he must be praised by a knave, he breaks out into the sentence now classical :

" The Moor has done his work. The Moor may go."

Such an expression would easily please a youthful poet.

Fiesco's relation to Verrina is very finely conceived. As a riper, larger, more richly-endowed nature, he towers far above him ; and yet that unbending strength of character awes him, because he feels that his more elastic constitution has no power against it. They love each other, because each has what the other wants ; yet, in this feeling, Fiesco is, perhaps, the more truthful and noble, because with him this sentiment springs from

genuine regard ; while, in Verrina, it has its basis in hope and admiration.

Here, it must be confessed, we come to the goal of our admiration, and are compelled to confess that the execution is not equal to the conception. Especially open to criticism is Fiesco's relation to the two women who love him, the heartlessness with which he treats them both, his brutality to Julia Imperiali, his calculated coldness to Leonore. The tortuous character of his political dialectics stands in wonderful contrast to the conduct which is assumed to grow from his reasoning. To what purpose does Fiesco represent to himself that shame diminishes with the increase of sin, and that it is an act of unparalleled greatness to steal a crown, although he can quietly confess to himself that the Genoese are no republicans, and that he is the man who should be at their head? Not less repellant is the braggart tone that here and there breaks out, smacking altogether too much of student's renowning, and strongly contrasted with the great delicacy and grace which he commonly displays. These inequalities characterize the transition period in which the poet then was ; there is insecurity in the artistic use of all his materials. In "Love and Intrigue" it came, if possible, more prominently into view, to disappear in "Don Carlos," before his well-won skill. The weakness, in handling his theme, appears particularly in the fifth act, which is decidedly inferior to those preceding it. It awakens sensations

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of extremely varied character ; and is all the less satisfactory from the fact, that in it the poet dropped what is probable, although elsewhere, with all his wealth of invention, he clung to it. A pathos carried even to wearisome lengths blinds us to his noble style, whose suggestiveness and power charm us even in earlier portions of the same play.







## LEONORA.

*(The Conspiracy of Fiesco.)*

ALTHOUGH it is not to be denied that the characters of "Fiesco" have something of exaggeration in almost every one of them, that they partake of the transcendentalism of youth, and, at times, even of its want of moderation and its crudeness, yet this reproach can be brought least of all against Countess Lavagna, in whom the young poet has, for the first time, succeeded in portraying a woman who awakes our warmest interest. She is a sweet, gentle, and yet passionate creation, wholly given to tenderness; and yet, in her bitterest grief, throwing it off, out of fear that the sight of her sorrow may occasion one sad moment to her adored husband. Fiesco was her first love—her whole heaven lay in him, and she rejoiced ever in her triumph in having conquered him:

"A blooming Apollo, blending the manly beauty of Antinous! Such was his noble and majestic deportment, as if the illustrious state of Genoa rested alone upon his youthful shoulders. . . . Ah! Arabella, how we devoured those looks! With what anxious envy did every one count those directed to her companions! They fell among us like the golden apple of discord; tender eyes burned

fiercely, soft bosoms beat tumultuously; jealousy burst asunder all our bonds of friendship.

“And now to call him mine! Giddy, wondrous fortune! To call the pride of Genoa mine! He who from the chisel of the exhaustless artist, Nature, sprang forth all perfect, combining every virtue of his sex in the most perfect union!” . . .

and now, married but a brief half-year, she must contemplate the possibility of losing this priceless possession; in her own house she sees the man of her heart trifling in wanton gallantry with another, and heaping attentions upon her, which increase her jealousy tenfold. From the conversation between Calcagno and Sacco, we learn how the world looked upon her rigid code of morals, and the relation in which her husband stood to Imperiali:

“*Calcagno.* They say she is a pattern of the strictest virtue.

“*Sacco.* They lie! She is the whole volume on that insipid text, Calcagno; thou must choose one or the other—either to give up thy heart or thy profession.

“*Calcagno.* The count is faithless to her; and of all the arts that may seduce a woman, the subtlest is jealousy. A plot against the Dorias will, at the same time, occupy the count, and give me easy access to his house. Thus, while the shepherd guards against the wolf, the fox shall make havoc of the poultry.”

While we are learning the plans of the debauchee with reference to her, we see, at the same time, out of what pitiful material the stubborn Verrina purposes to construct the edifice of a Roman republic of the elder time.

The artist has represented Leonora in the first scene, where her whole character comes most distinctly into view; he has portrayed her enthusiasm for her husband,



and the elegiac thrill that runs through her whole frame when, tearing off the mask, she throws herself into the chair, and yet is able to find scarcely any thing but words of admiration for him.

But if she has no weapons save tears against him whom she loves, yet she is too much a woman, she has too much spirit, not to find the most crushing words to hurl at her hated rival; she listens to Julia scarcely two minutes, before distinctly seeing that Fiesco cannot love such a woman :

“Congratulate me, girl ! It is impossible I can have lost my Fiesco ; or, if I have, the loss must be but trifling.”

She replies with a sharpness which stood more at the command of women of her stamp than at that of most men :

“Poor husband ! *Here*, a blooming beauty smiles upon him ; *there*, he is nauseated by a peevish sensibility. Signora, signora, for God’s sake, consider ; if he have not lost his understanding, which will he choose ?

“*Leonora*. You, madame, if he has lost it.”

But if she publicly admits the victory of her rival, if she relinquishes her claim to her lover, yet the mere view of his medallion in Julia’s hands brings her completely to herself again, and shows that her love has not been lessened.

Pain embitters and despoils common natures ; higher ones it exalts. Our Leonora belongs to the last, and therefore Calcagno finds, exactly at the instant that seems

most favorable to him, that he had misled himself in reckoning upon her undeception :

“I understand thee—thou thoughtest my wounded pride would plead in thy behalf. Thou didst not know that she who loves Fiesco feels even the pang, that rends her heart, ennobling. Begone! Fiesco’s perfidy will not make Calcagno rise in my esteem; but will lower humanity.”

The almost idolatrous love with which Leonora is filled appears everywhere, but most of all in the turbulent flow and reflow of feeling; in that “joyful, sorrowful, and thoughtful” state, which makes the wife of seven months blush like a timid girl, when the waiting-woman brings her husband’s greetings to her; but, in the next moment, her doubts return; she will abandon him, she will load him with reproaches; and yet she cannot go further than to utter a gentle lament :

“To be your wife was more than I deserved, but she who was your wife deserved at least respect. How bitter is the tongue of Calumny! How the wives and maidens of Genoa now look down upon me! ‘See,’ they say, ‘how droops the haughty one, whose vanity aspired to Fiesco!’”

In saying, so tenderly and touchingly, that she can never hate him, she only proves herself to be of German birth. Had Schiller known the women of Italy, he would scarcely have represented her as comforting herself so easily; he would hardly have put into the mouth of an Italian wife the words :

“He directs, and I obey. Why should I fear? And yet I tremble, Arabella, and my heart beats fearfully with apprehension. For Heaven’s sake, damsels, do not leave me!”

German, too, is the touch where, after Fiesco had procured for her completest triumph over her rival, Leonora pleads in her behalf, instead of enjoying her downfall ; German, too, her jealousy of her husband's authority :

“ Here is no choice but evil. Unless he gain the ducal power, Fiesco perishes. If I embrace the duke, I lose my husband.”

And, with a fine instinct for her own happiness, she becomes a republican, because she feels at once that if she does not lose her husband on the way to the throne, she will surely lose him on the throne itself. But when the contest has once broken out, she has no longer a thought except of her love ; the fear of the woman is utterly extinguished by the power of her passion :

“ No—my hero shall embrace a heroine.”

At his side she will either conquer or die. The last is her fate. Such boundless, overwhelming feeling, while at the side of a husband, not now able to reciprocate it wholly, must lead to tragic results ; but that she should be murdered by Fiesco himself, while in her fatal disguise, is needless cruelty, which tortures our feelings, and which, probably, rather springs from misused Shakespearian reminiscences, than from Schiller's own heart.









## ANDREW DORIA.

(*The Conspiracy of Fiesco.*)

By freedom, youth generally understands license, immoderation, or a kind of good-natured anarchy, whereas it really consists in the absence of all arbitrary authority, and in voluntary subjection to organic laws, whether of the State or of art.

The progress which Schiller made in advancing from the monstrous figures of "The Robbers" to an historical theme is, therefore, unquestionable, since he was compelled to draw his characters with a firmer hand, restrain his luxuriant fancy, give them a local coloring, keep them within natural limits, and so, step by step, mature his most perfect works. It is true "Fiesco" is a first attempt to accommodate himself to the demands of historical material; and, on the whole, his success has not been great. There is the same wildness as, if not a greater than, that which repels us in "The Robbers," and yet there is a lack of that creative power that we find in the earlier play. From the roughness that was natural to his theme, we often come to a hollow pathos,

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like the imitated ostensibly old Roman republicanism of the play—a thing that has no real place in the world, because there is nothing of it; it has no body; it is a mere phantom—a sham. Its representative, Verrina, with all his wild and genuine energy, yet from a want of all positive ideas, insists upon really nothing; he continually cries “freedom,” but he gives us no explanation of the sense which he ascribes to this very indefinite word. Verrina’s conventional Roman republicanism unquestionably indicates the horizon of the fiery poet at that time; and it is extremely interesting to trace the formlessness of the political ideas in his first three plays, the increase of definiteness and exactness in “Don Carlos,” and, at last, their complete wholeness in “Tell.” What a difference in the mode of treatment, while the same effort to reach the truth lies at the basis of all! what noble wisdom in the words of the dying Attinghausen, and the demands of the Swiss peasantry, compared with the chaotic confusion in “Fiesco!”

The want of culture, which he later so completely filled in his “Don Carlos” and “Tell,” once granted, we are compensated partly by the dramatic power displayed in the whole treatment of the theme—partly by the majestic greatness of some of his characters. To endow a figure with greatness of soul, and yet to preserve its individuality, is the work of an artist who is himself great. That Schiller could do this in Andrew Doria, and that, too, with a few master-strokes, speaks more loudly in



favor of his genuine artistic skill than all the rest of the play. Men do not recognize greatness of soul so much directly, as in comparing man with man, and in noticing the magical influence that it works. This influence of the old hero is everywhere displayed with the greatest delicacy in the play; everywhere we meet the respect that is paid him—either in the form of timidity or reverence. Thus, Leonora herself, that fine womanly nature, says, at the very moment when she dreams and wishes for the downfall of his family, that it is superfluous for him to be good, for he is gentle, and, at the same time, great. Doria is always the first thought in the mind of every man; whether with reverence or hate, they all must think of him. Fiesco calls his gentleness more dreadful than the defiance of his nephew; Verrina calls his chains silken ones; addresses the most glowing panegyric to him, and sharply discriminates between good statesmanship and that evil kingcraft that, under all circumstances, requires restraint. When Doria himself speaks, his first thought is of justice; his second of love for the state. In reproaching his nephew for seeking to destroy his country, he gives him, in ten words, a very sound lesson in politics, although he discloses to us a weakness that we do not find amiss in him—a too great love for his kinsmen; a quality repugnant to us in men without merit; and yet, regarded as a sign of goodness of heart—a touching quality in an old hero. The greatness of his character comes first into

view in the manner in which he demeans himself in time of danger, and disarms his adversary by magnanimity, when he says to Fiesco :

“Lavagna, your fate resembles mine ; benevolence is rewarded with ingratitude. The Moor informs me of a plot ; I send him back to you in chains, and shall sleep to-night without a guard.”

The tumult having broken out, and the adversary not being willing to be outwitted, but warning him to fly, yet without allowing Doria to suspect that Fiesco was he who gave this counsel, Andrew answers calmly :

“Fiesco has a noble mind ; I never injured him, and he will not betray me.

“*Fiesco.* Fiesco has a noble mind, and yet betrays thee. He gives thee proof of both.

“*Andrew.* There is a guard which would defy Fiesco’s power, unless he led against them legions of spirits.

“*Fiesco [scornfully].* That guard I should be glad to see, to dispatch it with a message for eternity.

“*Andrew [in an elevated manner].* Vain scoffer, knowest thou not that Andrew has seen his eightieth year, and that Genoa, beneath his rule, is happy ?”

His lofty confidence, which springs from a good conscience, is, nevertheless, betrayed ; yet, in his grief over the deception, he remains none the less imposing ; he thrills us, whether he says to the German body-guard :

“Hark ! Germans, hark ! These are the Genoese, whose chains I broke. Do your countrymen thus recompense their benefactors ? . . . Save yourselves—leave me ; and go, declare the horrid story to the shuddering nations, that Genoa slew its father !”—

or whether, after vanquishing his adversaries, he begs of the Genoese a place to die :

“Go, make it known through Genoa that Andrew Doria is still alive. Say that Andrew entreats the citizens, his children, not to drive him, in his old age, to dwell with foreigners, who ne’er would pardon the exalted state to which he raised his country. Say this—and farther say, that Andrew begs but so much ground within his fatherland as may contain his bones.”

His words worked powerfully at last. Not only does half Genoa run—at least, after Fiesco’s death—to Andrew, but even Verrina feels himself compelled, after seeing the mistake which he had made in the character of his countrymen and Fiesco, to turn to him as to the firmest pillar of Genoa’s freedom.









## JULIA IMPERIALI.

*(The Conspiracy of Fiesco.)*

IF Schiller has succeeded in giving to Countess Lavagna all the melting tenderness and charm of a finely-toned nature, his treatment of the Countess Imperiali is all the more unfortunate. Not simply that he represents her coarse and flippant in a degree which is not common, even in ladies several stages lower in the scale of society, but he endows her besides with a not inconsiderable love of applause, blended with stupidity, and crowns her character with an excess of haughtiness and mystery.

That the sister of Gianettino Doria—that pattern of a profligate spendthrift—should not be exactly a model of amiability, is not improbable; but her coarseness smacks rather of studies pursued at Stuttgart than in Genoa. Her language, compared with the wonderful refinement of Fiesco, is like that of a braggart student roaring through all the streets, compared with the finish\* of a diplomat of the old school. Is it any less than this when

she says to Fiesco, in whose very house she is received as a guest :

“ Jealousy, jealousy ! Poor thing ! what would she wish for [*admiring herself in the glass*] ? Could she desire a higher compliment than were I to declare her taste mine own [*haughtily*] ? Doria and Fiesco ! Would not the Countess of Lavagna have reason to feel honored, if Doria’s niece deigned to envy her choice ? ”

Where such haughtiness is exhibited by the representative of sovereignty, it ought not to be taken ill that thoughts of revolt are current.

And yet this high-spirited heart is sensitive to love, and has genuine sensibility. But if love and good fortune make noble natures still grander, they intoxicate lower ones ; they make evil qualities still worse. And so our fair Julia, when believing herself secure in Fiesco’s love, is tortured with a real lust of vainglory, and, longing for vengeance, she hurries from her home to enjoy without delay her triumph over her opponent. It is a remarkable phenomenon, that members of the fair sex, however great their *esprit du corps*, yet have almost, without exception, very little good-will one to another, and pass their judgments with a correctness that is amazing, in view of the little inclination felt toward each other. And thus the coarse Julia soon discovers, of herself, that a less sensitive, a more coquetish and witty nature would better suit the perfidious Fiesco, and in this she is probably right ; but Leonora finds much sooner that these qualities are by no means marked in Julia. As the ladies speak their minds to



each other without much circumlocution, it is but natural that they part without any excess of mutual tenderness, and become mortal enemies. But, with the hot blood of an Italian woman, such an enmity not unfrequently leads to the attempt to make away with a rival; and, three hundred years ago, when poison was much more common than now, such a step was easily taken. Fiesco's horror, when he learns this proof of Julia's love to him—for it is nothing else—seems to us, therefore, a little German. Perhaps, however, it is a studied gallantry, by which Fiesco moves the fair countess to come to him; the wanton casuistry conveyed in the lines—

“The senses should always be blind messengers, and not know the secret compact between nature and fancy”—

would scarcely have touched a lady of high or low degree, least of all would it have brought her to the house of the speaker.

In like manner, it is a little improbable that the hot-blooded, sensuous Julia should deliver such long speeches about her position as :

“Thy countenance is as glowing as thy words. Ah! and my own, too, burns with guilty fire. Hence, I entreat thee, hence; let us seek the light—the tempting darkness might lead astray the excited senses, and, in the absence of the modest day, might stir them to rebellion. Haste, I conjure thee, leave this solitude !

“If I betray the safeguards of my honor, that thou mayst cover me with shame at will, what have I less to lose than all? Wouldst thou know more, scoff? Shall I confess that the whole secret wisdom of our sex is but a sorry precaution

for the defence of this weak fortress, which, in the end, is the sole object of assault by all your vows and protestations; and which (I blush to own it) is so willingly surrendered—so often betrayed to the enemy upon the first wavering of virtue!”

By having such thoughts at that time, she shows much more intellect, and much less tact, than an Italian lady would ordinarily exhibit; and speaks in the tone of a German professor. There is more truth and nature in her words when she says:

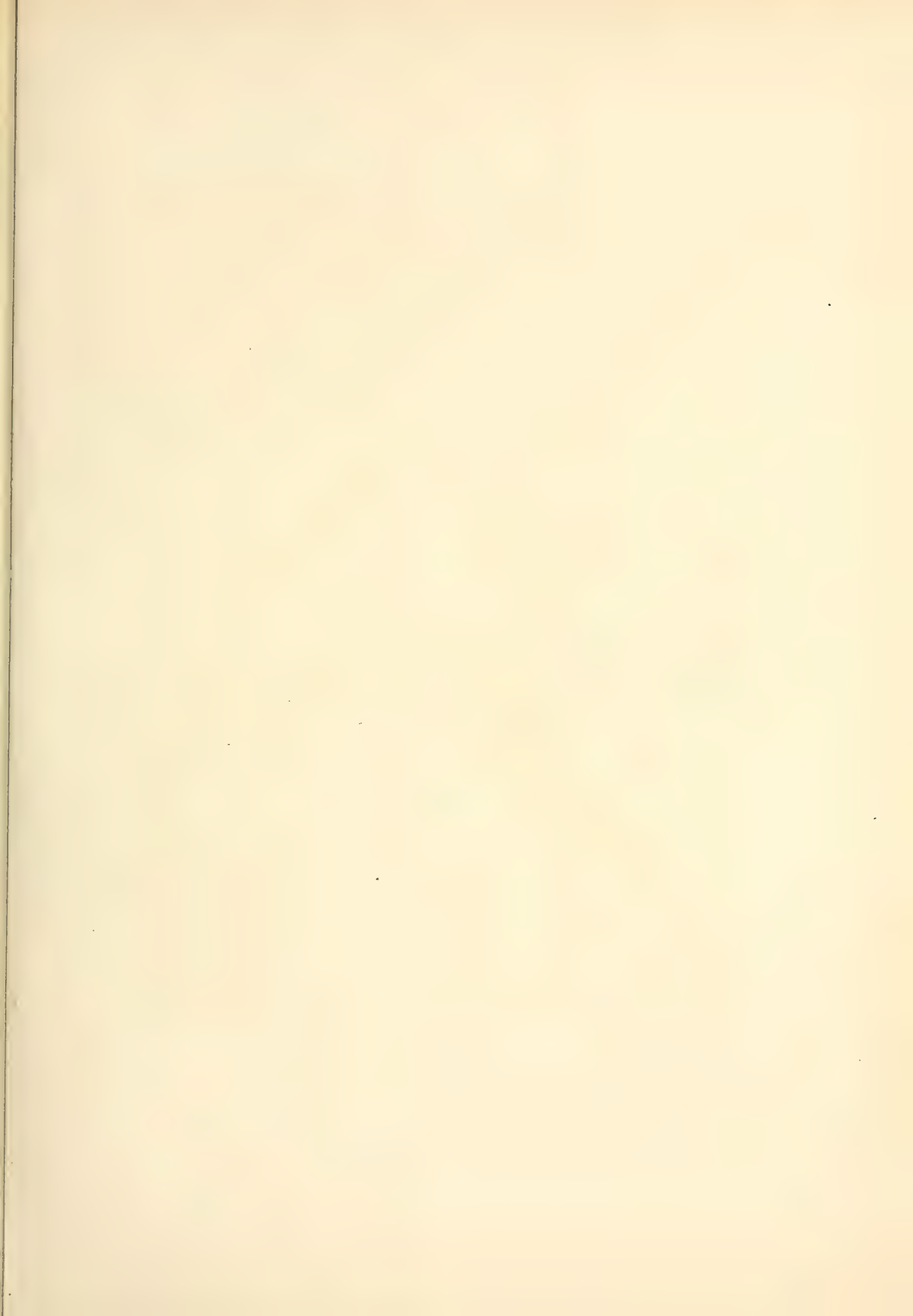
“Hear, Fiesco, one word more. When we know our virtue to be in safety, we are heroines; in its defence, no more than children [*fixing her eyes on him wildly*]; furies, when we avenge it. Hear me! Shouldst thou strike me to the heart with coldness?”

In the highest degree unknightly is the vengeance which she resolves upon. It is of a repugnant coarseness; no man of honor, least of all an Italian cavalier, who, with all his villany, cannot be denied to have some refinement in this respect, would do thus to a woman who, however great her fault may have been, had sinned out of sheer love to him. If her brother is more than ungallant, and declares his desire “for a piece of woman’s flesh done up in a great, great patent of nobility,” it may be not incorrect. Brothers have a right over all the world to be ungallant, and it must be confessed that it is fully justified, because, at best, they are mere make-shifts, stop-gaps; but the lover, even when simulating passion, is never justified in such rude treatment of her who, at last, and amid all changes of circumstance, is to be the victim of his own knavish

malice. This touch of crudeness and coarseness only shows the bewilderment in which Schiller's ideas then were, and that lack of delicacy in the forms of social converse, which the Suabians had then, and have now, in a measure ; a little of which may have clung to our young poet, at a time when his relations with women had not extended far beyond the famous baker's wife.









## FERDINAND.

*(Love and Intrigue.)*

Not only the time in which an artist lives, and receives impressions, but also his personal relations and humors when he wrote, must be studied, if we would know the quality of his work.

We have already hinted at this in connection with Louisa. Without recalling the thorough corruption of morals and the absolutism prevailing in little courts during the last century, the reader does not comprehend the motive of "Love and Intrigue," nor understand how this play could have called out such a mighty echo in Germany. The insecure and troubled condition of the poet himself, at that time, is to be taken into account, if we want to understand the piece. Springing into being while Schiller was oppressed by ducal persecution, which lay like a heavy burden upon his great soul, and completed after a flight from the clutch of a tyranny which knew no bounds, except the geographical ones which hemmed it in, "Love and Intrigue" must necessarily bear witness to Schiller's revolt from the political

condition of his country, a revolt only too well justified in the end, strange as it may seem to us to-day.

Repulsive to us as is the chaotic character of this play, we are all the more amazed at the power of the poet, that really superhuman glow and force with which he bears us on, and compels us to be partakers even of his own errors. Our feelings are overborne by him, even when our understanding and taste perfectly perceive the crudeness of his picture, and the want of all fine and compensatory shades. This rawness lies much more in the execution, quite beyond the reach of this young, little experienced, fiery artist, than in the comprehension of the entire plan, which is as severely truthful as the sketches of the characters are lifelike. It is only the want of nice detail that makes the *dramatis personæ* so monstrous; and, therefore, the secondary characters, who need detail less—the violinist, with his lively musician's nature, and the stupid, prattling mother—are masterly drawn, because here a sketch is all that is wanted.

The peculiar loftiness of soul which Schiller displays everywhere, reconciles us to the above deficiencies, and all the more that they are genuinely national; we see in them the Suabian traits of the poet clearer than anywhere else in his works. Penurious of words as the Suabian is, when excited and compelled to muster up his forces, he has a certain nervous eloquence. The fanatical, enthusiastic, reckless passionateness in the



Suabian character, as well as its stiff obstinacy, Schiller has painted with extreme skill in his Ferdinand; and revolting as is the student-like boasting of this young man, we must, at least, confess that it is all the more genuinely characteristic that there is nothing insincere in it, but that it exhibits the unbounded glow and unrestraint of a youth of profound sensibility, and no little unapproachableness.

The same consuming fire which he infused into his Ferdinand coursed through the poet's own veins, as we can easily see from scattered letters of his, which have come down from his youth, where an excess of hot passion breaks out at every occasion. If Goethe, in his Tasso, Werter, Clavigo, and Weisslingen, has portrayed some sides of his own character, Schiller has certainly not done less in his Ferdinand. In this nature, open to the gentlest and tenderest touches of feeling, and the next instant blazing up like powder, in this unconsciously glowing soul, in this purity of heart, in the exquisite sensibility of the character, in the unwillingness to give way to conviction, or to be silenced by the voice of the world—who does not recognize in this the medical student of the Stuttgart school?

The sharp and battle-loving quality of Ferdinand's nature is not less note-worthy. If those characters from Goethe, which we have mentioned above, display something feminine, in Schiller we feel stimulated and refreshed by the thoroughly manly nerve which, in

Ferdinand, carries us back to the student's wild energy.

Nowhere has the poet displayed this native manliness and natural strength in such sharp antagonism to a poor, nerveless, weakly soul, as in Chief-Marshal Kalb. The contrast is presented where the major confronts the marshal with these words :

*"Ferdinand.* Marshal, this letter must have dropped out of your pocket on parade, and I have been the fortunate finder. . . . Read it, read it. If I am not good enough for a lover, perhaps I may do for a pimp.

*"Marshal.* Confusion !

*"Ferdinand.* Wait a little, my dear marshal ; the intelligence contained in that letter appears to be agreeable—the finder must have his reward."

Common as it is to jest over Kalb as if a caricature, he could scarcely have been drawn with a more masterly hand than the poet has displayed in the few scenes in which he mingles ; and it was scarcely possible to portray more faithfully the utter pitifulness and worthlessness of that class of men who used so readily to gather around princes of moderate capacity and despotic nature. Any one acquainted with such circles, will readily recall instances of this kind of character. Upon an insignificant man of this sort the demands of court society, the habit of clothing what is common with grace, and of giving it expression as if having weight, the handling of what is really important with neglect and with a reckless levity, must exert the most baleful influence ; the product we see in the marshal, the moth who flits thought-

lessly in the sun of courtly favor, whereas, in Ferdinand, a character is portrayed which passion first awakes to perfect love. His father himself wonders at him, and breaks out :

“Where in the world couldst thou collect such notions, boy?”

In their disregard of consequences, father and son are alike, with this difference, that, as so often occurs, out of horror at the intriguing character of the former, the son preserves the highest purity and honor, and secures thereby an interest at once, which, in noble natures, often deepens into enthusiastic sympathy.

Even the greatest natures cannot wholly tear themselves away from the prevailing tendencies of their times ; and if Schiller fell into the manner only too common in that period of “storm and stress,” and painted people the darker the higher they stood in the social scale, there is this to be pleaded in his behalf, that Wurtemberg was not lacking in originals for a style *à la Höllenbreughel*. It is peculiar, however, that the recognition of a rascal, *par nécessité*, in every minister, seldom led Schiller to attack the person of the reigning prince. He contented himself with merely giving a few side-thrusts, while a modern, of equally fiery spirit, would surely have struck directly at the serenissimos.









## LOUISA MILLER.

*(Love and Intrigue.)*

“LOVE AND INTRIGUE,” this youthful effort of Schiller, is not perfectly intelligible if the reader does not make real to himself the soil on which it grew, Wurtemberg, under the rule of Duke Charles, where Schiller received the first harsh impressions which he sought afterward to embody artistically in this play. He paints the demoralizing sway of mistresses to which this despotic, but richly endowed, and subsequently highly meritorious, prince was subject in his youth. He felt himself compelled to pass his judgment with that unsparing severity which must have been experienced by a pure, enthusiastic spirit, in view of a state of morality that met him everywhere ; he even speaks with a degree of coarseness which can only be explained on the score of the untrammelled loyalty to Nature which Schiller felt, and, in a degree, of his Shakespearian recollections.

Strikingly indicative of that epoch, is the immense chasm which separates the rank of Ferdinand from that of the musician's daughter, a consciousness of which is

so incessantly appearing in the *dramatis personæ* as to make it seem almost exaggerated, whereas it is unquestionably a perfect transcript of the time.

According to the expression of Lady Milford, whose sight has manifestly been sharpened by jealousy, Louisa is "very interesting, and yet no beauty;" the artist has caught her at the moment when Ferdinand says to her :

"The drink is bad, like thy soul."

If Louisa's language seems too choice and sententious for a girl of sixteen, we must keep the fact in view that Ferdinand has sought to cultivate her intellect, has lent her books that unquestionably represented the transcendental literature of that age, and that, as an all-pervading and overmastering passion makes a poet out of every man, and gives emphasis to his language, it does so much more signally with an enthusiastic maiden.

Brought up in the peaceful stillness of her home-circle, her passion for a man higher in rank than herself suddenly takes exclusive possession of a soul hitherto given to love of God and her parents; she forgets that there are other men besides—she almost forgets that there is a God besides him who fills her whole soul; she has no longer eyes for the world, and yet she has never found it so fair; she no longer knows aught of God, and yet never before loved Him so dearly. If this excess of feeling comes to a painful issue, it is, notwithstanding, more genuinely tragic that it is not hatred, but love,

which brings her to her destruction ; and all the more tragic the stronger she grows, when her father, Wurm, and Ferdinand himself, ascribe all their misfortunes to her. The rude language employed by the latter against his betrothed, when he believes her guilty, could not possibly have come from Schiller, had it not been for that Suabian training which clung to him so persistently. With all their cleverness in other things, the Suabians are to-day certainly the least chivalrous of Germans, and the social position of their women the lowest ; although not only the beauty, but the spirit and the natural advantages of the Suabian women, in no wise deserve this setting aside. This Louisa shows, too, to whose keenness, grounded in her woman's nature, and sharpened by love, we have to ascribe the victory which she clearly gains over the cultivated Lady Milford, notwithstanding all her superiority of position, and her refined dialectics. In this struggle, Louisa's power lies in the greatness, strength, and depth of her feeling, and the vigorous language in which she gives it expression. The voice of the heart, in a moment of intense passion, is as superior to the eloquence of the understanding as the natural simplicity of popular poesy is to artistic and elaborate verse.

But we are not able to ascribe all of this philosophic tone of mind, all this studied casuistry, to the girl of sixteen ; it is the subjectivity of the poet himself which here and there breaks out, and overmasters the language



employed by the characters themselves ; it is the student of the Stuttgart School, who at times reasons in so lofty and deep a strain.

On this very account, because he portrays a part of his personality, he succeeds admirably in representing the unbridled foaming passion of Ferdinand, while, though pathetic and wrought up to the highest pitch as he was, he yet scarcely had any ear for the *naïve* beauty of speech in a girl of humble birth, as Goethe has painted it so wonderfully in Gretchen.

Difficult as it is to believe that Louisa spoke in words such as Schiller has put into her mouth, the great power of the poet is abundantly testified in her actions. He has portrayed with wonderful accuracy the gentle, womanly nature, more given to forbearance and self-denial than to struggle ; and everywhere subjecting itself to duty, law, and resignation, even when her heart is breaking, since she feels that these qualities are yet the protection of her sex from the passion and rude egoism of men.

That Louisa does not fulfil her oath, a compulsory one as it was, would perhaps not be deemed correct in a maiden of our time, when, even in the lowest classes, the thought of revolt against divine and human laws is not uncommon, and when it would obviously recur to the mind of a grief-stricken girl ; but, at that time, the world was not as far advanced in ideas, and the thought of suicide was the more obvious one. In like manner, a

comparison of the present time with that portrayed in this play, brings us to the conclusion that the relation of the family, as well as that to God and the state, was much closer than at present; and that a father was invested with a much greater degree of power than he possesses now.

The strength of the poetry becomes irresistible in the last scenes, when Louisa experiences a presentiment of death, as she sees Ferdinand, and passes her correct judgment upon him:

“Rather than confess his own rashness, he accuses the wisdom of Heaven.”

The utter devotion of woman's love, which rises above every thought of self, appears when she learns from his own lips the crime that he has committed against her, and her first thought is:

“O God, forgive him! God of mercy, lay not this crime on him!”

Would this have been the first thought of a man, whom, on suspicions equally lightly founded with this, his betrothed had brought to the very gates of death?









## LADY MILFORD.

*(Love and Intrigue.)*

IF the characters of "Love and Intrigue," owing to their exaggeration, impose upon the artist a difficult task, this is preëminently true of Lady Milford, to whom it is extremely difficult to ascribe any one satisfactory, leading impulse, and who, at the first glance, seems a being monstrous and impossible. The draughtsman has sought to overcome this difficulty, and given us the picture of a charming woman, whom we can, at all events, credit with a passionate turn of thought, and who may be easily conceived as saying :

"Woman has but to choose between ruling and serving, but the utmost joy of power is a worthless possession, if the mightier joy of being slave to the man we love be denied us."

A finely-organized, gifted, high-strung woman, used to the world, equally open to good and bad influences, she is presented in the engraving in the act of pushing away the duke's present, terrified at the dreadful picture which the bearer displayed to her. If we credit the apology with which, in the exercise of wonderful tact, she

addresses the inexperienced major, whose feelings are quickly touched, and who leaps readily from the deepest suspicion to admiration and respect—if we accept that apology, her misfortune and beauty have brought her into a position of need from which his help alone can save her. At bottom, she is a mere actress—affected, sentimental, she deceives herself in dreaming that she can wash away by a petty philanthropy the great blot of her existence, and lightly steps over the dark spot in her history, which could only be excused on the ground of her real love and faithfulness for the duke. That her sense of honor demands this, she has, in the true manner of mistresses, no suspicion when she says to Ferdinand :

“My passions, Walter, overcome my tenderness for you.”

Proud, ambitious, and, at least, open to a great degree of passionate emotion, she is, nevertheless, too much a courtesan to cherish any true feeling long. In her character an English element may be seen most distinctly, in the haughtiness which she displays under all circumstances. It is betrayed, too, in that bitter spleen in which, after her project in reference to Ferdinand had failed, and she stood in her shame before Louisa, she treads her whole destiny under foot, and leaves the stage over which she had walked with victorious step ; and in the stubborn humor, in which she imagines that she can love a man with whom, till then, she had never spoken. This arbitrary fantasy, which impels her to throw her-

self into the arms of one unknown to her—which permits her to indulge the hope that a man of honor will forget her previous career—would conceal from us the slender consistency of her caprice, if such women did not often, in their very caprice, betray an iron stubbornness. If the reader will take the trouble to look at the character somewhat closely from this point of view, to untwist the tortuous dialectics which the poet puts in her mouth, and in which he communicates much more what he thinks about the character than what the character itself thinks, he will, in spite of the meagreness of the elaboration, be amazed at the masterly qualities brought to view, which, with all the confusion of ideas that marks Schiller's works in this first period, fill us at once with astonishment and dismay. If one would know Lady Milford as Schiller pictured her to himself, and not as she is really represented, he must view her in the scene with Louisa, where the proud, egotistical, fascinating nature, with more than a touch of the serpent in it, and having remarkable alertness in turning, comes to view; and where she pronounces her own verdict, when she says to Louisa:

“No evasion, miss. Were it not that you depend upon personal attractions, what in the world could induce you to reject a situation—the only one where you can acquire polish of manners, and divest yourself of your plebeian prejudices?”

And when, later, she flares up with these words:

“I cannot be blessed with him, neither shalt thou. Know, wretched girl, that to blast the happiness of others is itself a happiness.”

Or when, in genuine English fashion, she wants to buy of Louisa the man of her heart :

“Where am I? What have I done? What sentiments have I betrayed? To whom have I betrayed them? Oh, Louisa, noble, great, divine soul! forget the ravings of a maniac. Name thy wishes. Ask what thou wilt; I will serve thee with all my power. I will be thy friend—thy sister. Thou art poor, look [*taking off her brilliants*], I will sell these jewels, sell my wardrobe, my horses and carriages; all shall be thine. Grant me but Ferdinand.”

This not succeeding, she comforts herself at last with the thought of the *éclat* which her decision to leave the court would produce, and says :

“How the illustrious puppet will stare! The idea is singular enough, I own—the presuming to astonish his serene numskull. Into what confusion will his court be thrown! The whole country will be in a ferment.”

While she speaks in these dozen voices within a quarter of an hour, and shows these many sides of her character, all of which have nothing abiding, she justifies us in the expectation that, in order to astonish the court, and the “illustrious puppet” still more, if she goes away to-day she will return to-morrow.







## PHILIP II.

(*Don Carlos.*)

GERMAN poetry has no work in which the nature of absolute power, its inevitable effect upon the immediate surroundings of the ruler, as well as upon every thing that he touches, is portrayed with any approach to the skill displayed in "*Don Carlos.*" The chief characteristic of despotism is the repression of all true productivity, because to produce requires a progress which absolutism denies, and must deny—production being the developing of an organic creation according to its own inner laws, and therefore opposed to all external compulsion. Despotism, in whatever form it appears, whether as monarchical, democratic, or ecclesiastical absolutism, has always been the sworn foe of all productivity—has always exhibited a desire to depreciate every thing which has vitality, and to convert its life into a mere mechanism.

It is this element which Schiller has introduced to us as characterizing the court and national life of Madrid; and by it he easily succeeds in filling us with

that terror and hatred of tyranny, the excitement of which must certainly have been one purpose of the play. In becoming conscious of an influence so hostile to culture, we are naturally inclined to hate the causer of it, and all the more when his overmastering disregard of justice becomes apparent to us. The father has robbed the son of the lady whom he loved; the most sacred claim of him who stands in the state second only to the tyrant, has no weight; law exists for one man alone; for all others there is no such word. Side by side with the oppressed son, we see the instruments of tyranny. Since the pleasure of free action is denied to them, they know only one interest—their own; priests, generals, dignitaries of every kind, even women, know only this goal; and the most reckless egoism lurks everywhere beneath the cold, polished, soulless form of courtly manners and courtly speech; that no one expresses himself otherwise, or apparently thinks and feels otherwise than is officially prescribed, shows us most distinctly the weight of the burden that rests upon all. It is not enough that the gentle Mondecár rejoices when promised an *auto-da-fé*—" 'Tis only heretics they burn;" even the frivolous Eboli shrinks from the thought that she could be considered a poorer Christian than the Marchioness Mondecár. These two features show us admirably where we are. The complete perversion of natural feeling is the best preparation for the appearance of him who is to be the representative of absolutism. His

first expression touches upon the sustaining of external rank, whose external rigidity is well known to go hand in hand with its internal corruption. The disproportionate severity with which Philip punishes a light deviation from etiquette, the scorn with which he accompanies the punishment, show us at once the coldness, stiffness, excessive jealousy, and, at length, the cruelty of his character. Still Philip is none the less every inch a king; one feels him to be a man born to command, even what is common he does with a certain dignity; majesty, and the habit of bearing rule, do not desert him for an instant; but he shows himself as well the pedantic supporter of a system which, at last, presses with its leaden weight as heavily upon him as upon others. With all his jealousy and selfishness, he yet remains, in bearing, a gentleman; and, in him, Schiller portrays with inimitable skill the difference between mere external politeness and inward nobleness; the latter quality Philip never reaches, although he never becomes trivial and commonplace.

Philip's unfruitful greatness is thoroughly unequal to any positive forth-putting of good; he can merely destroy by his despotic instinct, which disregards all personal rights, even those of his son, whom he thus reproaches:

"I scarce can love

Those sons who choose more wisely than their fathers."

Philip's absolutism, however, is not an inheritance

which he is merely to receive and preserve ; it lies, on the contrary, merely in his dark and cruel nature, for whose satisfaction he has wrought out this system of blood. He is a tiger throughout ; and his only magnanimity is that of the lion. All forbearance appears to him to be weakness, and he is inexhaustible in schemes involving barbaric rigidity. The evil conscience, which no sophistry will silence, the feeling of horror at the intermingling of sensuality and cruelty in his own nature, is the source of a suspicion which spares no one ; and tortures those the most who stand the nearest to the king. Even to Don Carlos he says :

“ Trust my best army to thy thirst for rule,  
And put a dagger in my murderer’s hand ! ”

The Machiavellism so necessary to the despot is just as clearly shown in his words to Alva—

“ I’m pleased that Carlos hates my counsellors,  
But I’m disturbed that he despises them ! ”—

as the hatred that breaks out against freedom everywhere, wherever it may appear. In this respect, one of the finest touches of the play is that he cannot bear the Marquis Posa free. Even after the king has begun to love him :

“ This pride I will not bear. From this day forth  
I hold you in my service. No remonstrance—  
For I will have it so.”

It is the punishment of all despots that, sooner or later, they necessarily come to see that love blooms only



in the sunlight of freedom ; and that they who do not allow liberty to be known in their domain never partake, or deserve to partake, of human love ; the feeling of isolation must necessarily turn their own unreciprocated affection into boundless hate, and make them malicious and cruel to the very objects of their previous kindly feeling. This is the tragic fate to which we see Philip at last succumb, whose betrayed love to Posa, who gives him up as soon as he sees his nature, is transformed into fearful vengeance against humanity, whose interests Posa preferred to the affection of the king.

The artist has portrayed, in his picture of the proud monarch, Philip's barren, bigoted, and knavish nature, joining it, nevertheless, with an unquestioned air of high breeding. As his foundation, he has taken Titian's celebrated and almost unsurpassed portrait, whose matchless power is at once a testimony of the character of the king, a judgment which, to all eternity, shall be irrefutable and irrecoverable.







## ELISABETH OF VALOIS.

(*Don Carlos.*)

COMPULSION unnerves and disheartens weak natures, while noble and strong souls are roused by it to resistance; they love all the more purely and glowingly the freedom that is denied them.

This is taught us preeminently by the majestic character of Elisabeth, to whom the poet has imparted a profusion of admirable traits, and a reality which, in the earlier plays, we have only seen in the remarkably life-like character of the musician's wife in "Love and Intrigue." Here he has given us a figure full of dignity, greatness of soul, and truthfulness to nature; has displayed the maturity of his own power, the larger experience of life, and the closer knowledge of the human heart, which he had at this time gained through his intimacy with Charlotte von Kalb—the object of his love at that time.

The opening scene in Aranjuez displays to us, with unsurpassed skill, the painful situation of the royal lady, as well as the security with which she bears herself, and



which forms so prominent a feature of her character. The high-born daughter of sunny France, trained under the humane ideas of the enlightened patron of arts, science, and all generous culture, Francis I., she can never reconcile herself to the leaden atmosphere of the gloomy, bigoted, and pedantic gravity of the court at Madrid, and longs to fly from the iron yoke of etiquette to the free air of her childhood's home. While selfish natures wish to gain freedom merely for themselves, loftier souls desire to gain it, and keep it, for others. That Elisabeth belongs to these, we see at once from the manner in which she speaks of the marriage which was to be forced upon the Eboli:

"The man whom I reward  
With my sweet Eboli must be a man  
Of noble stamp indeed. . . .  
But we fain would know  
If he can love, and win return of love. . . .  
'Tis a hard fortune to be sacrificed."

Her mode of thinking is more clearly manifested still, where she receives Marquis Posa, and wishes him happiness in the life he means to lead:

"A greater prince in your retired domain  
Than is King Philip on his throne—a freer"—

or when she says to him subsequently—

"How will my heart rejoice should this become  
A refuge for the liberties of Europe!"

The royalness, the tone of command in her nature,

dignifies every word that she says—betrays itself not only in the massiveness and dignity which everywhere are hers, in the appreciation which she shows for all great interests, but preëminently in the readiness with which she subordinates her own personal wishes, and even the most secret longings of her heart. It is with some verisimilitude that Posa can say of her to the jealous Philip :

“She sees with some resentment her high hopes  
All disappointed, and herself shut out  
From share of empire. Your son’s youthful ardor  
Offers itself to her far-reaching views—  
Her heart! I doubt if she can love.”

Her feeling toward the *infante* is rather sympathy than love ; she takes an interest in him because she sees him suffer, not because he inspires her with admiration or reverence. These qualities she has in marked degree for Posa. With him alone she feels that she is perfectly understood and appreciated ; she looks up to him—down to Carlos ; and when she says to the marquis about her relation to the prince—

“Your friend,  
Marquis! so wholly occupied your mind,  
That for his cause you quite forgot my own”—

the confession would relate much more closely to Posa than to Carlos, as appears still more plainly from his answer :

“Yes, in all other women—but in one,  
One only, ’tis not so ; for you I swear it. . . .



Flow for a mere delusion of the brain?  
O Carlos, I have pledged myself for thee!  
On that assurance did he flee from hence  
More satisfied."

Even the confession of attachment which she makes to him, appears to be rather a means of quieting him than the fulfilling of the request which the deceased Posa left; and does not, as in the case of the latter, rise to a devotion so entire that it would retain its object at any cost, for she sends Carlos away; the clearest proof that she has a larger, more richly-endowed nature, more genuine capacity to rule, than he.









## DON CARLOS.

(*Don Carlos.*)

CARLOS'S nature must necessarily be formed upon Philip's system of education; for among the most destructive influences of despotism, in whatever form it appear, is this—that its iron pressure annihilates every independent growth, and that the character, prematurely compelled to assume a prescribed form, is able to attain to no free développement. And so we find it in Schiller's Carlos—who, in many not unimportant respects, may differ from the historic original—an amiable, high-spirited, fine-toned, captivating, stubborn, and capricious noble, but weak man, equally unskilled in doing, and in commanding men; now reserved and distrustful, the next moment improvident and stormy; but, above every thing, impracticable, unproductive, and apathetic; for, since no free scope is granted to him, he soon loses all relish for activity.

The first need of man—the most powerful medicament for all ills of mind and of body—is labor. The

struggle with a great, self-imposed task brings one to a consciousness of his power. This specific is, however, denied to the future heir of two worlds after his return from the university; and, with its lack, begins the perplexity of his spirit. Because no healthful tasks are prescribed to him, his whole power is directed in the form of a sickly passion to the most unnatural ends, and his will becomes caprice; for by no other word can we call Carlos's love for his mother, whom he had never yet more than half-known. Elisabeth herself says, with entire correctness, of this passion:

"It is but spleen and waywardness and pride  
Attract you thus so madly to your mother."

At bottom, it springs merely from unconscious hostility to the tyrant who troubles his whole existence, and whose claims, as a father, are to him a mere abstraction, and have no power over his soul. Let us take his own words:

"Am I to blame if slavish nurture crushed  
Love's tender germ within my youthful heart?  
Six years I'd numbered ere the fearful man,  
They told me was my father, met mine eyes  
One morning—'twas when, with a stroke, I saw him  
Sign four death-warrants. After that I ne'er  
Beheld him, save when, for some childish fault,  
I was brought out for chastisement."

Where shall the love come from which, like every

other good thing, must be struggled for, won, deserved ? Next to active labor, the need of love is the most powerful factor in the human heart. We love in others not that which we have, but what we lack. The poor Carlos is deficient in strength of mind and freedom, both of which he presupposes in the queen, and finds in Posa ; it is these that so strongly bind his weaker nature to theirs. He, himself, confesses this cause of his affection, when he reminds his newly-found friend of the time of youth when—

“ I had no sorrow but to see myself  
Eclipsed by thy bright genius ; so I vowed,  
Since I might never cope with thee in power,  
That I would love thee with excess of love.”

Noble as this sensibility is, it yet indicates, if we must honestly confess it, a weakly nature. Manly spirits are naturally attracted to what is general, to ideas and things ; womanly ones to what is individual to persons. Carlos loves freedom so long as Posa speaks to him of it ; but when one fails to stand by his side, and support him, he sinks back into the position which he paints with the words :

“ I, too, have had my visions of a Carlos  
Whose cheek would fire at Freedom’s glorious name ;  
But he, alas ! has long been in his grave.  
He thou seest here no longer is that Carlos  
Who took his leave of thee in Alcala ;  
Who, in the fervor of a youthful heart,



Resolved at some no distant time to wake  
 The golden age in Spain. Oh! the conceit,  
 Though but a child's, was yet divinely fair.  
 Those dreams are past."

If he regards the most noble goal which he can propose to himself as a mere dream, as soon as his best prop falls, he shows his womanly weakness no less plainly when, subsequently, he finds Posa again, and cries—

"Thus arm in arm with thee I dare defy  
 The universal world into the lists"—

which certainly is no manly sentiment, since a real man, more especially if one of power, would have proposed this task to himself at all events, as Posa really does. Weak men have almost always mistrust and doubt, not only regarding others, but themselves as well; and this we see in Carlos, in the scene where the artist has represented him, in which, after Lerma's revelations respecting Posa's deeds, the prince believes himself betrayed by the latter, and breaks out—

"I've lost him now, and I am destitute"—

and he passes true judgment upon Posa's character when he says—

"Must not his country dearer to him prove  
 Than Carlos?"

To comprehend, and possess magnanimity, are certainly very different things.

The incompleteness of his nature is no less clearly painted in his relation to the queen and the Eboli. For a man, love is no goal of life; he never gives it the first place—it has that only in the woman. A true man would not have caused the fair Eboli to sigh in vain; he would scarcely have loved the great ambitious queen, but would have contented himself with honoring her; in doing as Don Carlos does, there is something boyish.

The prince reaches the culminating point of a milk-sop, as Heine might say, when, after refusing the fair demands of the Eboli, he yet wishes to make use of her as a third party. This is a genuine German touch, and indeed there is nothing Southern in the character—a real German coloring is seen in his whole mode of thought. While Philip, Alva, Domingo, Posa, display more or less of the national character, in Carlos the Flemish-German element prevails—the blond; and, on this account, the artist has been compelled to represent him so, necessarily deviating from the authentic portraits of the historic Carlos, in which there is more of a knavish, crafty look, than could be allowed in our engraving.

Powerful shocks may drive weak men to great resolutions, but they cannot give the power to carry them into act; and if, through Roderigo's death, we see Carlos driven to a comprehension of his true duty, as is expressed in his words to Elisabeth:

"There is a higher, a more needful good  
Than your possession. A brief night  
Has winged the idle current of my years,  
And brought me to an early ripeness"—

this immense change in his nature necessarily leads to his destruction, the tragic element lying just in this—that, to do his life-work, not the will is wanting, but the power.







## MARQUIS POSA.

*(Don Carlos.)*

Low natures have no ideal goals, common ones follow them only in youth; but noble ones retain them till manhood, only with more earnest and steady aim. Among the last Schiller's Posa belongs, in whom the artist has been able to portray, with masterly skill, that genuine greatness of soul whose sacred fire burned in his own breast.

If, in Don Carlos, the womanly element of character is most prominent, in Posa it is the manly one that most appears. Philip, Carlos, chief of all, the queen, everywhere feel, in spite of their exceedingly varied points of view, that, in him, great ideal interests far outweigh all personal ties. That no friend, however dear, is, with him, to be compared with the claims of humanity, is pictured in the interview with Carlos, where, without troubling himself much about the prince's grief, he speaks chiefly of his undeception in not finding him as he hoped:

"Not thus I looked to find Don Philip's son.

. . . . No more I see

The youth of lion-heart to whom I come

The envoy of a brave and suffering people,

But as the deputy of all mankind.

I clasp thee thus—'tis Flanders that clings here,

Around thy neck, appealing with my tears

To thee for succor in her bitter need."

It is clear that this is the scene in which the artist should represent him; where the heroism, energy, and decisiveness of his character form the most wholesome contrast to the noble but weakly nature of Carlos.

Nevertheless, Posa, although a powerful thinker, a brilliant speaker, a bold soldier, is no statesman; and it does not appear to have been the poet's intention to have drawn him as one. For this *rôle* he has too marked a preference; for the most desperate measures, too much enthusiasm; and, in all that he does, he is too easily led away by the impulse of the moment. He is the prophet of a new age—not a man of affairs. His very effort to win Carlos over to espouse the cause of the provinces, while he knew his weakness, and the fruitlessness of the effort in case of success, does not speak in his behalf; still less the announcement of his plan during the interview with Philip—brilliant as it is as a masterpiece of eloquence. No statesman would surely undertake to convert a despot of sixty years—only an enthusiast would do this; and Philip, therefore, rightly regards him as such, although he learns to love the man.

Lacking, therefore, as Posa is in balance and wholeness of character, he is yet a man of splendid endowments, displaying remarkable depth of thought in every thing that he says. An instance may be found in the manner in which he justifies himself in his soliloquy before meeting the king:

“How came I here? Is it caprice or chance  
That shows me now my image in this mirror?  
  . . . . Was this but chance?  
Perhaps 'twas something more. What else is chance  
But the rude stone which from the sculptor's hand  
Receives its life? Chance comes from Providence.  
What the king wants of me but little matters—  
I know the business I shall have with him.  
Were but one spark of truth with boldness flung  
Into the despot's soul, how fruitful 'twere  
In the kind hand of Providence!”

Satisfied as we may be with this preliminary theorizing, we must be less so with the application which he makes of it—displaying the dreamer as it does. Despots may be scorched by the sparks of truth, but they are not melted by them.

If the action of the marquis does not appear to be always justified, there is no lack of power in the poet's effort to make clear to us the influence of his brilliant, earnest eloquence. There is a sustained enthusiasm, a subdued glow of sensibility, a loftiness of thought, whose magic power never escapes us, making clear to us that Philip, hard-pressed, and most sorely

wounded by jealousy and suspicion, must give his confidence to a man who holds such views, and must confess—

“Poison itself

May, in a worthy nature, be transformed

To some benignant use. . . .

Ne’er met I such a man as this. . . .

Marquis, you know mankind. Just such a man

As you I long have wished for. You are kind,

Cheerful, and deeply versed in human nature.”

The most delicate touch is in the picture of his relation to the queen, where she gives a sketch of him in the words :

“The first

That made me feel how proud a thing it was

To be the Queen of Spain and Spanish men”—

and he, with genuine Spanish gallantry, replies :

“At that time I never could have dreamed

That France should lose to us the only thing

We envied her possessing.”

It is Posa alone who gives her a glimpse into the dark, veiled future—Posa, who offers her a ray of hope and satisfaction; he alone shows her that, in a manly character, nobleness is not associated with weakness, nor strength with cruelty. Her quiet and beautiful confidence he reciprocates with the same, and cherishes an enthusiasm for her which always proclaims itself in the most tender way, whether he says to Philip—

“And there exists besides in woman’s soul  
A treasure, sire, beyond all outward show,  
Above the reach of slander—female virtue”—

or, at the end, when he has lost his rash throw, he expresses to her, and through her to his friend, the warmest wishes of his heart :

“Here, therefore, here,  
Upon this sacred altar—on the heart  
Of his loved queen—I lay my last bequest,  
A precious legacy—he’ll find it here,  
When I shall be no more. . . .  
Tell him, in manhood, he must still revere  
The dreams of early youth, nor ope the heart  
Of Heaven’s all-tender flower to canker-worms  
Of boasted reason ; nor be led astray,  
When, by the wisdom of the dust, he hears  
Enthusiasm, heavenly born, blasphemed.”

Posa is a necessary victim, because, while comprehending a new epoch, he has not power enough to usher it in. He shows the way into the Promised Land ; but, like most prophets, he is not able to enter in and possess it.









## PRINCESS EBOLI.

(*Don Carlos.*)

IF it is the happy prerogative of the daughters of the South to commonly possess such vigorous natures that they do not need, and cannot exercise, much reflection, and, in every thing which pertains to their inner life, merely follow their instincts, they yet ordinarily use understanding and consideration for the purpose of assuring themselves of the means to gain their ends. Through this strength of will they gain that masterly *aplomb*, which is so irresistible to the man of the North, and which is so helpful to them under all circumstances. The women of the South, therefore, stand not only much closer to Nature, but they have also much more capacity than those of the North. Culture has little influence over them—it changes nothing in them, at best it lends them sharper weapons; and the compensation for culture is generally found in their native fineness of spirit, whose ready nimbleness is immensely enhanced by the rank vigor of their natures.

Such a character—its germ to be sought in a strongly-sensuous life—the poet represents to us in his Eboli, in whom he has had the skill to compensate, by a peculiarly piquant grace and sparkle, what is lacking to her in breadth of view:

“The princess, with those merry eyes of hers,  
Has plagued me all the morning. See, she scarce  
Can hide the joy she feels to leave the country.”

Thus Queen Elisabeth presents to us the charming creature who inflames the desires of the father, while she herself cherishes in her inflammable heart a hot glow for the son. That this heart of hers is not filled with enthusiasm for cockroaches and sunset tints; that she cares nothing at all about dead Nature—but only about men; that what the Germans call *Gemuth* is entirely wanting to her, is so decisive a mark of the hot-blooded Spanish woman, that only the highest gifts in Schiller could have led him to portray it correctly, without visiting the South, and seeing its fair inhabitants. It is a triumphant proof of the strength of our poet's artistic intuition. The dark-eyed daughters of Rome, as well as of Madrid, are alike in this play; their enjoyment of Nature consists in driving through the dusty *Corso* or *Prado* just as far as all the world drives, in order to see and be seen.

So far as all the world goes is the distance traversed



by the Eboli in all other things which are indifferent to her. Scarcely is a marriage proposed to her which does not please her, when her blood boils up, and she thrusts the offer away; and "*convenance*" with her comes at once to its end.

This proposition, which is to unite her to a creature of the king, and so to the king himself, hurls into the excited senses of the princess this one resolve—now to lay hold herself upon him whom she really loves. Commencing the accomplishment of her plan, the hot blood of the South, which always makes romance begin where it ends in the North, portrays itself in her impatient words to the page:

"How truly blest  
Might he have been already, in the time  
You've taken to describe his wishes to me!"

The artist has pictured her with rare skill in this situation—awaiting the object of her love. It is the fairest inspiration—the pearl of our work! And he does well to present her thus to us; her life knows only two occupations—the preparing of herself for her lover, and the gaining possession of him. Every thing else touches her not—interests her not, or, at any rate, only so far as it has influence upon these two leading principles. Where she loves, she grows witty, keen, rich in thought, imposing, empty as she is in other things which do not pertain to the chief end of her life, to which, with reckless ardor, she sacrifices all, but for which

she desires all. How charmingly, in the celebrated *tete-a-tete*, she satirizes Carlos's grief, and, with the most graceful of summons, she knows how to answer him when she says :

"Near such high virtue every maiden fear  
Takes wing at once. . . .  
You who in those strict courts where women rule,  
Even there find partial judges.  
Thou gracious Heaven,  
That gav'st him all those blessings, why deny  
Him eyes to see the conquests he has made?"

Love is the only subject on which the fair princess has ever maturely thought; but when she says—

"Love is the only treasure on the face  
Of this wide earth that knows no purchaser  
Besides itself. . . .  
I ne'er will make  
Division of my joys. To him alone  
I choose as mine, I give up all forever.  
One only sacrifice I make, but that  
Shall be eternal"—

it is, of course, only a general theory, that readily allows of exceptions in daily fact; and, most of all, it must be confessed, in her! It is notorious that every lady, in other lands than Spain, asserts not only to her lover, but to herself as well, that she really and truly loves him—the one then favored—above all others, and that she will love him forever. A German lady, disappointed like the

Eboli in her fairest hopes, would perhaps marry out of *convenience*; but give her person to a profligate, merely out of jealousy, in order to avenge herself for a neglect—hardly. The Eboli, on the contrary, reasons like a genuine Spaniard, who knows nothing about renunciation; and who can say, with true pride of beauty, of Carlos's relation to the queen:

“Should his love prove hopeless.  
Who can believe it? Would a hopeless love  
Persist in such a struggle? Called to revel  
In joys for which a monarch sighs in vain?  
A hopeless love makes no such sacrifice.”

But in recklessly sacrificing every thing to love, she does it out of revenge:

“’Twill cost me dear, but here my triumph lies—  
That it will cost her infinitely more”—

and Posa judges perfectly correctly, when he doubts whether she can ever forgive being despised:

“Love was the price,  
The understood condition of her virtue:  
You failed to pay that price—’twill therefore fall.”

The instinct of women is keen, and they pass much more accurate judgment upon one another than men do. The Eboli feels at once, when she speaks with the queen of Carlos, that Elisabeth does not love him; and, from this instant, her passion awakens for him afresh, and she experiences the most bitter regret when she sees him

threatened through her mistake. But whether the touch which represents her as revering the woman who reigns in Carlos's heart, without wishing to do so, is not rather the token of a German than of a passionate Southern nature, we must leave undecided.







A L V A .

(*Don Carlos.*)

ONLY a Philip can produce an Alva, because he alone can find use for one. As the master, so the servant. This accomplice of a despot is cold and cutting, not like a sword, but like an axe. As absolutism degrades the person into a thing, the duke, although not in his own view, becomes not so much the servant of the state as the mere tool of his master; nothing is so signally striking in him as the absence of all large views. Only once, in the whole play, does he rise into the higher planes of thought, where, exasperated and defamed by Carlos, he says at last, referring to his services to the king:

"Full well he knows far easier is the task  
To make a monarch than a monarchy;  
Far easier, too, to stock the world with kings  
Than frame an empire for a king to rule.  
. . . And how much blood,  
Your subjects' dearest blood, must flow in streams,  
Before two drops could make a king of you!"

This presupposition must necessarily lead to entirely

different conclusions, but the genuine absolutist does not draw them. When Carlos asks for the application, we hear nothing further than—

“This sword has given our laws to distant realms,  
Has blazed before the banner of the cross,  
And in three quarters of the globe has traced  
Ensanguined furrows for the seed of faith.  
God was the judge in heaven, and I on earth”—

which every hangman can say as well; he has no other idea than that of rude power; he supports whatever exists, indifferent whether it be good or bad, and therefore Carlos answers him with entire correctness:

“God or the devil, it little matters which,  
Yours was the chosen arm”—

and shows him thereby his place as a mere tool. Alva is, according to the general belief, as well as his own, a knight and a man of honor, as he understands it, and as, unhappily, too many others do as well; for his conception of honor does not hinder him from doing all possible dishonorable deeds—listening at doors, intriguing, becoming a pimp for his lord, intercepting letters, becoming a general hangman, without allowing such a dishonorable appellation to be applied to him; that would be a calumny which he, unquestionably, would wash out with blood, and for which he even takes up his sword against the son of his lord. Here, too, at the bottom, he is wholly in his place as a tool; whoever takes hold of the knife is cut.

Meanwhile, little as the duke has of higher thought and lofty motive, little else as he will be than mere arm, or right hand rather, there is one object never to be lost sight of—himself. He is conservative, and in order to sustain himself whenever he is threatened, and his place in peril, he himself becomes a revolutionist. This is seen most clearly in his interview with Domingo, where the two nobles exchange views respecting the condition of affairs. True to his part, the priest was more cunning than he, but kept his peace, thinking, “Words let slip are confidants defamed;” yet, when Alva leads off, he, too, cannot hold back with the confessions of an honest soul. The prince is the enemy of them both, that is clear; and, according to their theory, his ultimate rule will, of course, at once put throne and altar in peril:

“He dares to *think*;

His brain is all on fire with wild chimeras—

He reverences the people! And is this

A man to be our king?”

Alva replies out of a good store of historical knowledge:

“These thoughts will vanish when he’s called to rule.”

But as he none the less enters upon intrigue, he shows all the more how much more interested he is for his own sake than for that of the state. If it brings him advantage, the duke shows a surprising talent in viewing things from various sides. He is always a servant of the state, and yet he says to Philip:



"I owe my deepest knowledge to the state,  
And my best judgment. As to what besides  
I know, think, or suspect, belongs to me alone."

True, he expresses this only to sell his secret at a higher price :

"Not all that stands in clear light in my eye  
Is ripe enough for the king. Will he be satisfied  
I must beg, and not, as lord, demand?"

But in such cases, as we see at once, he goes too coarsely to work, and misses his goal. His common, low mode of thought is clearly indicated in the first words that he directs to Posa :

"The king is in your hands. Employ this moment  
To your own best advantage"—

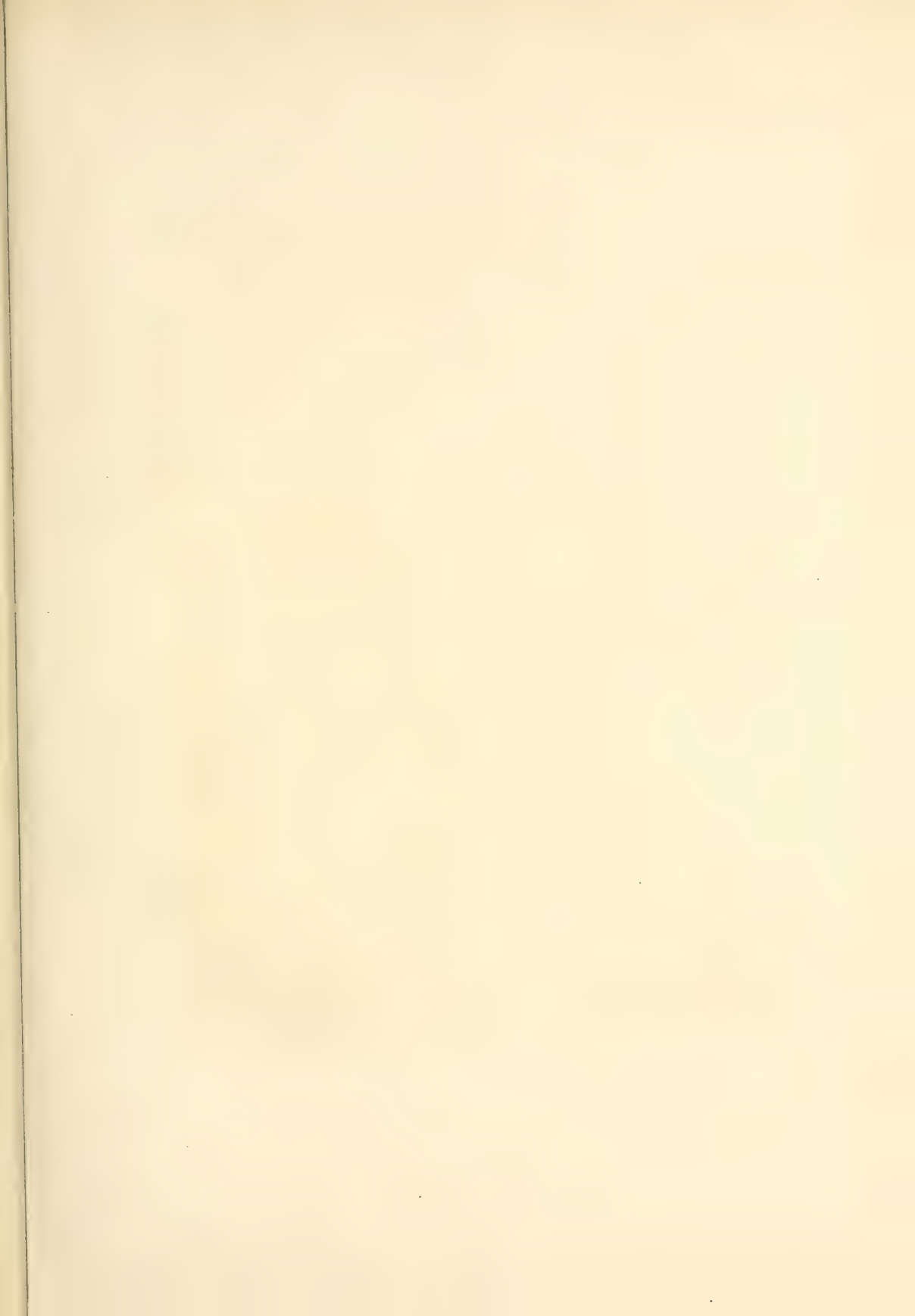
and he places the crown upon the queen's head, when, with Domingo, believing himself to be hard pushed by Posa, he seeks again to form alliance with Elisabeth, whom he just before was on the point of destroying ; of course, to the welfare of the state, whose most loyal servant he calls himself.

The face of the duke, which the artist has faithfully copied from existing portraits of the historical Alva, since they completely conform to Schiller's delineation, displays, in his fixed calmness and coldness, all that pitiless egoism which forms the foundation of his character ; that view of the world is reflected in it which recognizes mere force, and no higher quality. There is an old age to be revered, because it makes its wearer



milder and more just, nobler and more intelligent; but this is the old age of great souls—common ones are made only colder, harder, and more egoistical thereby; their hatred, stubbornness, and intolerance increase with the burden of years; their nobler impulses, devotion, and the smiles of joy, are the only things that the snows of age stiffen beneath its white covering; to this latter class belong the rigid features of the iron duke, upon which the curse of centuries rests; and whose portrait the poet has drawn in such wonderfully characteristic lines.







## W A L L E N S T E I N .

(*Wallenstein.*)

WALLENSTEIN, the greatest work of our Schiller, is also the most perfect tragedy, on the whole, which the German theatre possesses. This has gradually come to be a recognized fact, and, if it be so, the chief reason lies in this, perhaps, that the hero of the mighty trilogy is, at the same time, the figure most skilfully conceived, most captivating, and executed, even in the smallest details, with the most masterly touch. It is here, perhaps, that German art has gained its only grand success—in showing the unmistakable nature of genius, and its almost miraculous energies.

Not as if the other characters of the play, as well as the relation in which they stand to each other in the advancement of the plot, are less admirable; not as if they do not spring from the purest and highest poesy; but they are only portrayed on single sides, while the Friedlander is copied in every fold of his heart.

Even in the prologue, the poet transfers us to the eminence necessary to survey the field about to be



described—painting to us the condition of Germany at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War :

“ On the dark canvas of this age  
There stands portrayed a venture bold,  
And one who wears a hero's face.  
You know him well, master of hosts,  
The camp's great idol and the nation's scourge,  
The prop, and yet the terror, of his king,  
Fortune's adventurous son,  
Who, when upborne by the favor of his time,  
Honor's loftiest pinnacle quickly reached,  
And, still insatiate, soaring to loftier heights,  
Himself a victim to untamed ambition fell.”

This prepares us for the play, the main theme of which is the artistic filling out and reanimating of history :

“ Art shall now summon him before your eye,  
And cause your hearts to feel with him ;  
For Art, that binds and limits all extremes,  
Brings them all back to Nature's arms again.  
She sees man in life's earnest stress,  
And to unhappy starry influences  
Ascribes the greater moiety of his faults.”

In the background are portrayed not only fearful masses of men, but marked characters surrounding him ; first pictured in “The Camp,” and then coming before us in “Piccolomini,” they only add colossal greatness to the figure which they introduce. Schiller has displayed such wonderful acumen in seizing upon and illuminating real history by the exercise of a kind of divination, he has so remarkably anticipated the researches of later

scholars, that the artist has had little more to do than faithfully to follow the historical portraits of Wallenstein, as they have been given us by Vandyke and others.

His is a rigid, genuine soldier's face, as all the portraits give him—externally cold, yet capable of the most reckless and consuming passion; thin, with strong cheek-bones, with black, penetrating, calm, and severe eyes. The highest power of will and action speaks from the whole head, conjoined with an impenetrable reserve—a tendency to profound meditation, and even to mystic inquiries, while a love for what is miraculous and mysterious is manifested in the immoderately high-arched forehead, and the sharply-defined sides of the head. A spirit of resolute constancy is shown by the steadfast look directed to the ground; the firmly-closed mouth, the protruding under-lip, the bold profile, the strongly-marked lower face, having something of the character of a beast of prey—the tall, compact form. Added to all this, is the stamp of the secret power of genius, not only greatness of spirit, but also that mighty power of will, which instinctively binds the masses to him, and hurries them on with him, exerting the same magical influences that the eyes of snakes effect upon birds. He is a born ruler as he is presented to us, here, in the round tower, that Thekla pictures to us, in her interview with Max and Countess Terzky, carelessly leaning upon a celestial globe, having the representations of the planets behind him, and looking thoughtfully at the

tables of figures before him, where the course of the stars is represented. It is their aspect, as he makes himself believe, which drives him to action, whereas, really, it is the very supreme voice of Nature that he follows. The indestructible, rock-like faith in himself, united with that confidence in special secret forces that stand at his command—so often met in powerful natures—that connection with an immeasurable, superhuman realm, that runs through the whole play, only enhances the spell with which the hero binds us.

As the poet paints the whole course, step by step, of Wallenstein's treachery to the emperor, and suffers us to see all the motives of his heart, he does it with a skill, the like of which is nowhere to be found in German art. Accident, destiny, and necessity are here woven together in a manner which does not release our attention an instant, nor allow us to falter in our admiration of the hero whose mighty self-deception we even understand, as we see him led into error about things which commoner natures around him see completely through. He often seems to us a kind of sleep-walker, and yet we believe in his intellectual power, because we see that it springs from the same source with the inspiration of genius.

In amazement at his greatness, we almost forget to blame his boundless egoism, and the coldness with which he sacrifices every thing to the Moloch of his ambition—the only child, the wife, the youthful friend—till destiny grasps and crushes him beneath the ruins of his shattered

building, just at the time when, externally blinded by the pure offering of Max, he believes vengeance removed from his own head :

“The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.  
This, long ago, the ancient pagans knew,  
And therefore of their own accord they offered  
To themselves injuries, so to atone  
The jealousy of their divinities,  
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.  
I, too, have sacrificed to him ; for me  
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault  
He fell. No joy from favorable fortune  
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.  
The envy of my destiny is glutted ;  
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning  
Was drawn off, which would else have shattered me.”









## COUNTESS TERZKY.

(*Wallenstein.*)

IF, in Thekla, we see the ideal nature of woman portrayed in its fairest light, in Countess Terzky the real side of woman is pictured with perhaps greater skill. Countess Terzky is, unquestionably, one of Schiller's most perfect creations. Had she a less ambitious spirit, were she struggling for a lower goal, she had been a common *intriguante*. As the poet has represented her to us, she is not that, for, although her weapons are taken partially from the arsenal of intrigue, they are everywhere ennobled by the masterly ability with which she uses them. The charge has often been brought against women, that they make no use of intellect and understanding—that they do not summon these gifts to help them in higher tasks—but that they generally follow common ends and arbitrary caprices, using their acumen alone as their ally. Countess Terzky shows us what is unlike this, and thereby proves her greater nature. With Max she uses the small methods of intrigue, with her brother-in-law she employs a fine womanly dialectic,

but she calls them both to her aid in order to support the world-embracing plans of Wallenstein, whose comprehensive mind finds in her a perfect echo. She is the only woman who understands him, and approves his schemes. Thekla is too much a woman to seek any other satisfaction than that of her heart; she is merely of a lofty temper, whereas Countess Terzky is her equal in greatness of soul, and her superior in high spirit. That, with all this, she trifles with the fortune of two men, repels us just as in women all superiority of understanding over feeling does. But we must confess that, from her point of view, she is right.

What to her is Max?—a good-natured, enthusiastic young man. What Thekla—a girl just from boarding-school—compared with the fortune of whole lands, compared with the father's gigantic plans, compared with him who is confessedly the highest existence that has interest to her? To woman the ideal becomes personal, the abstract leaves her always cold, and only the concrete united to a person can stir her enthusiasm. The whole soul of the ambitious, great-hearted woman has therefore turned to the brother-in-law, who represents her ideal of a man—whose bold, comprehensive character completely corresponds to her own, whom she alone completely understands, and upon whom, therefore, she exercises an influence so great, since, as a woman, she possesses much the same power of will and knowledge of the human heart with him; and is a

statesman, almost as much as he. How skilful she is in the art of guiding men, the poet has happily represented in the scene where she seeks to make herself sure of Max, while promising him the possession of Thekla :

“Enjoy your fortune and felicity,  
Forget the world around you, meantime friendship  
Shall keep strict vigil for you—anxious, active.  
Only be manageable when that friendship  
Points you the road to full accomplishment”—

or when she says—

“Yet I would have you look, and look again,  
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend.  
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,  
That you should woo and win her with the sword”—

or when she tries to set Thekla right:

“Did you suppose your father had laid out  
His most important life in toils of war. . . .  
For this only  
To make a happier pair of you. . . .  
All this methinks  
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.  
Leave now the puny wish—the girlish feeling;  
Oh! thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof  
Thou art the daughter of the mighty. . . .  
Not to herself the woman must belong.”

Still more masterly is her dialectic with Wallenstein, when she urges him to come, at last, to the decision to break with the emperor. With what fineness does she



touch all the chords which must resound in the heart of this man! How skilfully does she urge the sophism:

“Planned merely, ’tis a mortal felony;  
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking;  
And with success comes pardon hand in hand,  
For all event is God’s arbitrament”—

endeavoring to build a bridge for the statesman’s moral scruples, and release him from the duty of thankfulness:

“No honest good-will was it that replaced thee—  
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,  
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not”—

and to show him how he will remain in harmony with himself, if he puts an end to the rebellion:

“Therefore, duke, not thou  
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,  
But they are in the wrong, who, fearing thee,  
Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.  
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right  
Is every individual character  
That acts in strict consistence with itself.”

Countess Terzky is too much a woman, and loves Wallenstein too deeply, to use this language if she did not feel that it is really the deepest emotion of her heart that she speaks out. If she is correct in this, she reckons falsely in her belief that she can draw Thekla into her father’s plans—the same mistake that all politicians are apt to make, when they try to lead idealists, who are, generally, all the more stubborn,

where the politician sees no possibility of taking but one way.

Yet, if her understanding leads her astray, her heart is all the surer a guide. Her secret love to Wallenstein, which she does not herself know, but which is the turning-point of her whole nature, and compels her to face death with him, appears everywhere in the closing scenes, and wins our whole sympathy. Who can fail to be moved when this colossal, great-minded, keen-witted woman, suspecting the tragedy that is to come, drops the words :

“ If all should fail,  
If he must go over to the Swedes  
An empty-handed fugitive, and could himself  
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear  
To see him so low sunken ! ”—

or when, misfortune having already broken out, she implores him not to leave her behind :

“ Leave us not in this gloomy solitude  
To brood o’er anxious thoughts ; the mists of doubt  
Magnify evils to the shape of horror ”—

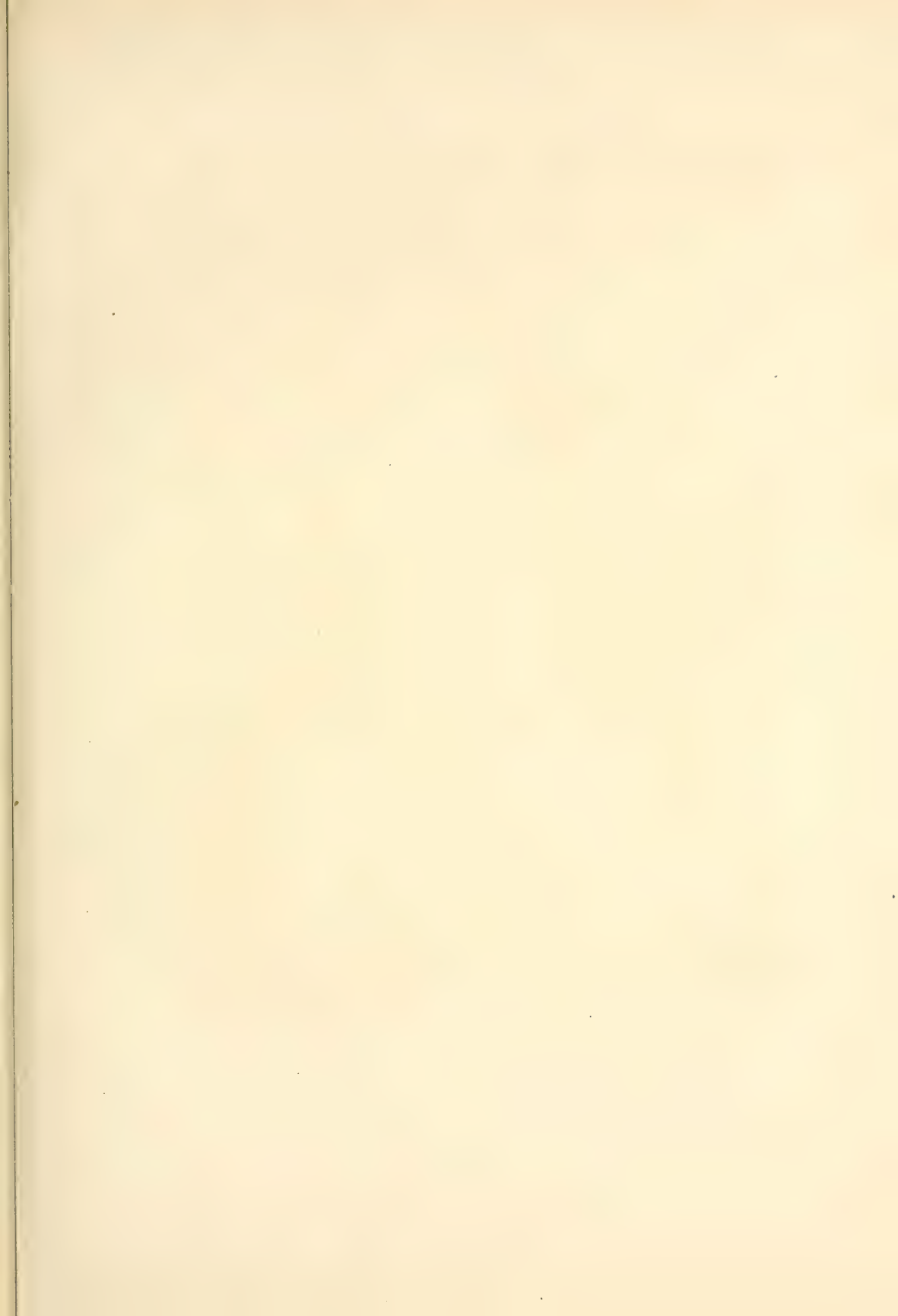
even where her whole love becomes visible, as she seeks to nerve him up :

“ Oh ! remain thou firm,  
Sustain, uphold us, for our light thou art.”

How strong this passion was, is displayed best in her death-scene, where she scarcely alludes to Terzky—only speaks of Wallenstein, and completely compels

our admiration by the greatness of soul with which;  
uniting her destiny with his, she speaks her dying  
words :

“ We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp  
After a monarch’s crown. The crown did fate  
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit  
That to the crown belong. We deem a  
Courageous death more worthy of our free station  
Than a dishonored life. I have taken poison ! ”







## OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

(*Wallenstein.*)

THE representation which we give of Octavio will disappoint most persons who examine this work. They will have represented the old fox to themselves as immoderately thin, dark, possibly bald; and will find themselves looking at a portly, heavy man, having, at worst, a mere snakish expression. The artist freely confesses that he formerly cherished this common idea of Octavio, deriving it, unquestionably, from the fact that he is generally represented so in the theatre. Only acquaintance with portraits of the historical Octavio, of which there are so many—some of them really admirable—has brought him to a conception of the character different from the one generally entertained. The calm coldness—the ground-feature in the character of the cosmopolitan Octavio—comports very well with perfect digestion; a thick, bloated face conceals all the better, in its soft fat, the most dangerous thoughts, the lurking look, the sharp, observing eye. Of the soldier, Octavio has only the cold-blooded, undisturbed courage while in

the greatest peril ; his enemies say of him that he is better adapted to intriguing than to leading an army, which merely means that he is more a statesman than a general—has more understanding than kindling force of will ; for that he is richly endowed is shown by each one of his expressions : eloquent, courtly, polished, he chooses all his words deliberately, but tips them so sharply that, like an arrow, they strike directly at the heart of the thing or the person. While in Max there is a thoroughly true German nature, lacking not only the Italian's native love of intrigue, but, in the highest degree, opposed to it, in Octavio the keen, ultramontane spirit is unmistakable. In this view he is a worthy adversary of Wallenstein—the only one of all the generals who has loftier views, these being wanting even to Max ; they all regard war as their vocation—as the task of life which they are to undertake for itself alone, and carry cheerfully on ; he alone recognizes it as a mere means, the extremest and saddest, too, that can be appealed to, and says :

“ There exists

A higher than the warrior's excellence.

In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose.”

The superiority of his mind explains completely the immense influence that he exerts upon the conclusions of the other generals ; they merely bow before the power of his reasons ; he leads them according to his views, because he knows the motives which make an impres-

sion upon every one, and thus secures men to himself, whom Wallenstein gains only by the power of his will, and the magic of his person, to be alienated from him afterward by the cooler and baneful superiority of his adversary.

Octavio is too much a diplomatist, too much a man of intellect, to have the Friedlander's genuine hero-nature, although his thought never runs in low currents. His prudence, his calm repose, are so strongly developed qualities, that they dominate wherever he is ; and while one portrays him as an old fox, another as a deceitful cat, he is never known as the crafty Italian. Like all gifted men without real creative power, he awakens antagonism, and is compelled to show us, in advance, the points in which he is superior—a thing that can be done only by displaying his inner nature. Wallenstein is as little a man of real rectitude as he, follows personal ends no less, chooses moral means no less, and only escapes condemnation because he charms his adversaries. Octavio's ends can as little stand before the judgment-seat of morality as Wallenstein's. He is no more honorable to his friend, when the latter becomes a traitor, and his justification to Max, when the latter accuses him of falsehood—

“ Dear son, it is not always possible  
Still to preserve that infant purity  
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.  
Still in alarm, forever on the watch  
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue

Will sometimes bear away her outward robes;  
 Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.  
 This is the curse of every evil deed,  
 That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.  
 I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms;  
 I but perform my orders. The emperor  
 Prescribes my conduct to me.  
 Better far were it, doubtless, if we all  
 Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,  
 In this our present sojourn with bad men,  
 We must abandon many an honest project"—

is, after all, better grounded than the sophisms with which Wallenstein palliates to himself his own breach of trust. Falling away from one who is untrue to himself is, at least, no treachery like that of the latter; and if he appears more hateful than the one who is his own betrayer, it is simply because the poet unsparingly shows us the petty and dishonorable means which he uses in order to retain the army for the emperor; while those of Wallenstein, to lead it into revolt, are merely hinted at—nay, even ascribed to others. It repels us when we hear how Wallenstein, everywhere, gives him his confidence, and even excuses him, while we hear Octavio say that he has surrounded the general with spies, and see how he takes Buttler and Isolani on their weak sides. Yet the Friedlander is certainly no more upright in his relation to the cuirassiers, Buttler, and even Max. Octavio characterizes his relation to him best when he says to Questenberg:

“Beware you do not think  
That I, by lying arts and complacent  
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces,  
Or with the substance of smooth professions  
Nourish his all-confiding friendship. No !  
Compelled alike by prudence and that duty  
Which we all owe our country and our sovereign  
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet  
Ne’er have I duped him with base counterfeits.”

In the superstitious confidence which Wallenstein places in him, not at all rooted in his own dependence upon him, but only in his holding him to be the most skilful instrument of accomplishing his plans, there scarcely rests an obligation to become the tool as well.

Our whole sympathy is at last turned to him again, when we find this man of such marked intellectual strength approachable on one side by love and tenderness ; it touches us when we see how his son’s youthful purity, which he himself could not sustain in the battles of life, was so dear to him in his Max. It is one of the most poetical touches in the piece that Fate strikes the sly Octavio with its cruel scorn exactly there, where he is the most sensitive ; and shows in him, no less than in Wallenstein, that one may reckon ever so skilfully, and yet the sum come out wrong at last.









## MAX PICCOLOMINI.

(*Wallenstein.*)

It is a fact as striking as it is consoling, that, precisely in the times of the deepest corruption, discord, intrigue, even ceaseless bloodshed, and the horrors of all kinds which are the inseparable companions of protracted civil wars, solitary natures appear which are untouched by the general evil, and maintain an incomprehensible purity and maidenhood. Unfortunately, it is just these natures which are destined to be sacrificed, apparently fruitlessly, which struggle in vain against the current of general chaos, and, snatched away by it, perish in its waves. But their portraits, and the memory of them, are imperishable, and, just as virtue—betrayed, scorned, and despised—always gains the victory, and rises from the flames of earthly trouble purified and glistening, so do these natures, stimulating kindred souls to a noble emulation. Such have been the Christian martyrs, such uncounted heroes of faith, science, and art; such our immortal Schiller has portrayed in Max and Thekla. If, in the raging tide of reckless passions, they do perish,

every noble spirit is strengthened by looking upon them, and so they fulfil the mission for which the poet has adorned them with all the charm of his genius, and crowned them with garlands, as offerings are crowned.

The first and most genuine qualities of a man, whose possession always insures our sympathy, but whose want is never forgiven, are spirit—honor. On this account Schiller portrays the youth who, in the development of the play, is to call out our sympathy above all other men, as the young hero, on whose dark locks the laurel already glitters; and Isolani says of him, "Now shall the hero be prepared." He is portrayed to us not only as brave; the first deed which is told us of him is an act of love and self-sacrifice—he delivers his father from the ranks of his enemies. Even in "The Camp," the dependence of the brave knight is shown, in the young man's being chosen as a leader, and the reputation which he enjoys with the other regiments is shown in their all choosing him to deliver their petition. They show that the true son of the camp must reflect in his own soul what beats within every genuine soldier's breast; he is the fairest type of that genuine, national soldier's spirit, whose portraiture receives its highest poetic consecration in *Wallenstein*. That the poet shows us how so many thousand heroic hearts choose this fiery youth as their representative, is certainly a completely correct feature of the picture; but if, thereby, he puts him in a high place, he is yet more exalted in our eyes when we see



how Wallenstein honors and loves the genuine hero-nature in him, feels a relationship of soul to him, is borne away, enchanted, by the stream of his pure, youthful sensibility, which, on every occasion, breaks out full and crystal clear. He says of him :

“For oh! he stood beside me like my youth,  
Transformed for me the real to a dream,  
Clothing the palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations of the dawn.  
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,  
The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.”

With a master's hand the poet displays all these qualities at the first appearance of Max, and shows us how, with all the enthusiasm of a youthful soul, he has knit himself to Wallenstein. This is portrayed, touch by touch, in the interview with Questenberg, as only a superior nature can do it; and yet the whole portrait is idealized, because he only sees what finds an echo in himself.

Yet Max has never known the charm of peace; no conception of its quiet happiness has ever entered his war-accustomed soul, when the view of the blessings he enjoys is doubly enhanced by the love he experiences for a noble woman; now, for the first time, he experiences, with rapturous longing, that there are other good things in the world besides the warrior's glory and the soldier's honors.

To bind Max to himself, by such a bond, was a

master-stroke of his friend more advanced in years than he. But when he completely succeeds, as Max himself announces it—

“How my heart pours out  
Its all of thanks to him! Oh! how I seem  
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland!  
While I shall live, so long will I remain  
The captive of this name”—

we are exasperated at the perfidy which must necessarily usher in the tragic end, and with the heartless egotism with which Wallenstein himself makes his friend's happiness an offering to his own ambition.

Thekla suspects the dreadful truth better, when, after he has expressed his hope in her father in the words—

“Let him  
Decide upon my fortunes. He is true;  
He wears no mask, he hates all crooked ways,  
He is so good—so noble”—

she replies :

“That are you.”

As in Thekla, so in Max, the chief characteristic is a youthful strength of character—a fidelity to duty in all the conflicts of life. Incomparably fine is the opposition with which he meets the dawning conviction of Wallenstein's treachery—the acuteness with which he conjectures all the motives that could drive him to it, and which yet might be excusable; they find an echo in his own pure breast, when, in the presence of his father, he breaks out into the complaint :

"You will, some time, with your state policy,  
Compel him to the measure. It may happen,  
Because ye are determined he is guilty,  
Guilty ye'll make him"—

Our interest in him is carried to the highest point when Wallenstein leaves no more room to doubt about his treachery, and the young man summons all the power of youthful eloquence to restrain him, moving Wallenstein, though ineffectually, for an instant.

When he sees that all is lost, that he has been alike deceived by the father and the general, an incurable break passes through his spirit, and he beautifully says:

"Oh! woe is me! Sure I have changed my nature,  
How comes suspicion here in the free soul?  
Hope, confidence, belief are gone; for all  
Lied to me—all that I e'er loved or honored."

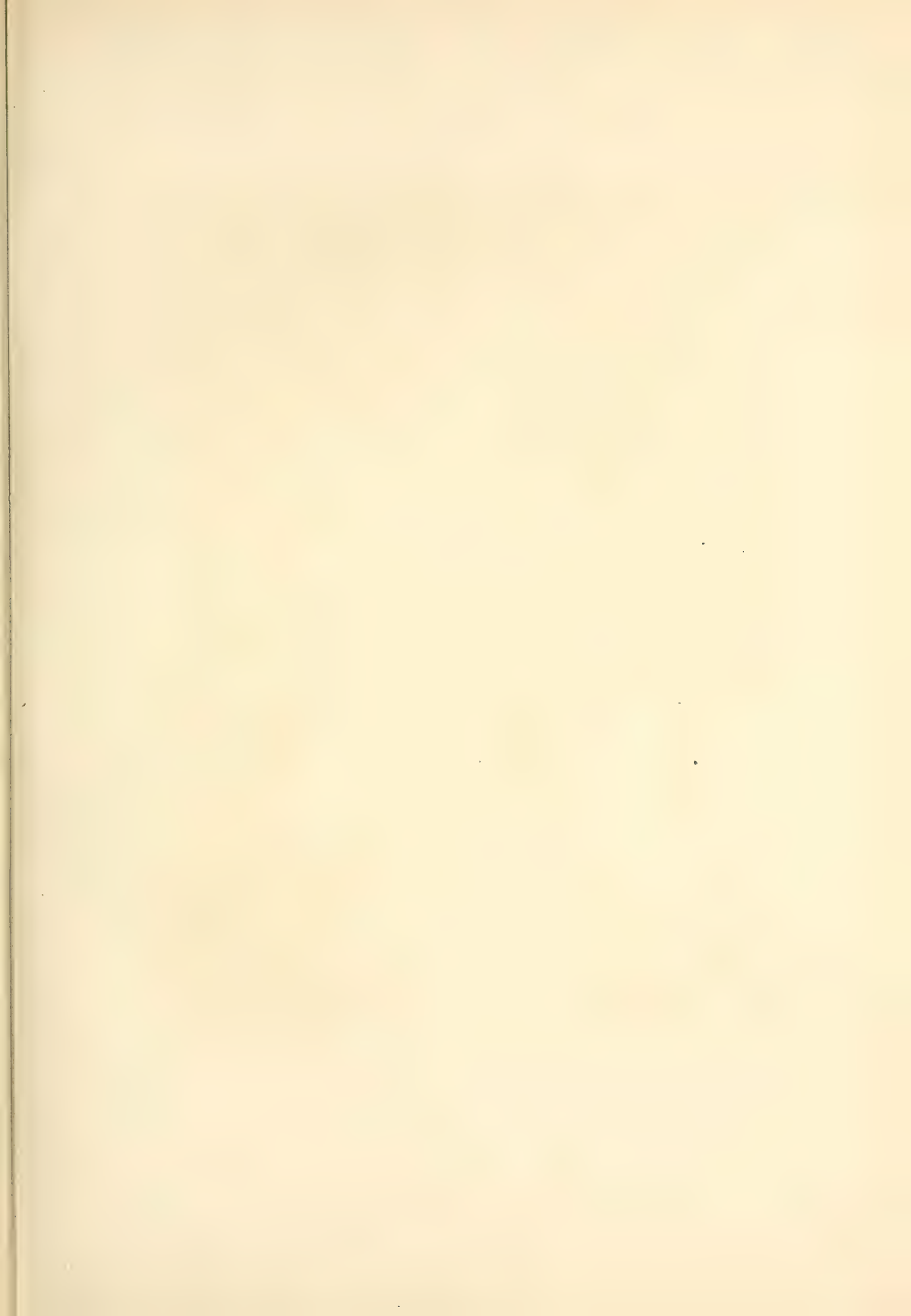
But only those who are like-minded can completely understand each other; and, therefore, neither Octavio, Wallenstein, nor Countess Terzky rightly judges the part that Max will take in the contest, whereas Thekla at once feels, and with assured conviction asserts:

"His resolution will be speedily taken.  
Oh! do not doubt of that—his resolution!  
Does there remain one to be taken?"

In this last interview, which he has with Wallenstein, we see him presented after he has laid the decision in Thekla's hands, and been directed by her to his first feeling, while repelled by all others. Despair at last

seizes his heart—the thought of seeking death overcomes him ; he yields to that immoderate sensibility which is peculiar to youth, and which never allows a way of escape to be seen ; he devotes himself, and the comrades who warn him of his hated duty, to destruction :

“You tear me from my happiness ! Well, then  
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark !  
For your own ruin you have chosen me ;  
Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.”







## THEKLA.

(*Wallenstein.*)

AMONG the female characters of the great poet, perhaps no one awakens so deep feeling as that of Thekla, whom he has adorned with all the magic of his poesy, and with all the splendor of language. The blinding wealth of the latter is so great, it draws out our sympathy for this lordly figure to such an extent, that we are seldom able to take account of her special qualities. Even in that cooler age of life, when we venture not only to smile at the many illusions of youth, but, unhappily, to wonder at the enthusiasm which we once knew to be genuine, and believed to be deserved, we sometimes find Thekla's character untrue to nature, and criticise it sharply. We should, indeed, be right in this, if virtue and honor, self-sacrifice, love, and a lofty spirit were also useless illusions of youth, instead of real and lofty good things, which are able to fill our whole heart, and feed our whole life—if he were not wretchedly

poor, who begins to doubt their existence, and consider them mere phrases.

If the poet, in his great work, imputes fault and guilt to all, and yet lets the only innocent ones, Max and Thekla—these pure and youthful forms—fall as the first victims in this conflict of irreconcilable and selfish natures, the effect is all the more tragic and painful when we fully perceive that the necessity and inevitability of their destruction are caused directly by this very purity—this want of capacity of trifling with any moral condition, or any dictatè of honor and duty.

Thekla has just come from the convent; the poisonous breath of the world has destroyed none of her moral convictions, she has not yet learned to accommodate herself to all changes, she is a thoroughly complete, unbroken nature—noble, enthusiastic, high-spirited, violent too, unbending, bold, and defiant—like her father. Into this soul, nourished hitherto in the quiet of the cloister, there streams, all at once, the sunlight of love, awakening her whole being into life, and bringing her instantly to a consciousness of all her powers.

It is an old proverb—that love makes women wiser, but men blinder than they were before; and so here, while Max no longer sees what is going on around him, the inexperienced, timid maiden—suddenly made keen, strong, wise, and careful—detecting instantly where danger threatens her lover, and who is

dealing honorably or falsely, warns Max against "these Terzkys:"

"Don't trust them, they are false. . . .

I saw at once

They had a purpose. . . .

To make us happy,

To realize our union, trust me, love,

They but pretend to wish it."

She feels that she cannot build at all upon her mother; she finds her father too busy:

"Only he's so occupied,

He has no leisure time to think about

The happiness of us two."

How absolutely this nature surrenders itself to the entire power of love, is shown by her care for her lover:

"Where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,

If in my mouth thou didst not find it?"

or when she sings:

"I have enjoyed the happiness of this world;

I have lived, and have loved"—

or when she says:

"Is this new life which lives in me?"

In this passion, as in every other, the egoistical element would trouble us, but Thekla's noble nature bears her over this rock, and, if she is



resolved to stake every thing on the possession of her lover—

“The strong will I’ve learned to know,  
The unconstrainable in my breast,  
And I can reckon every thing at the highest”—

she yet hallows this to our feelings by the boundlessness of her sacrifice, but, most of all, in that love is more sacred than the lover—his honor is more to her than his person, and she hesitates not an instant in sacrificing her own happiness to his honor. That she would rather give up him, who is a god to her, than see a blot upon his reputation, is a feature that not only manifests her high spirit, but a genuine womanly character.

The final scene, in which Max confides to her delicate feeling the decision respecting his action as well as his honor, is not only one of the most thrilling of the whole play, but it rests also on a deep knowledge of the human heart; it is that genuine sensibility to every thing noble, in the true womanly nature, to which Max, burdened with tumultuous doubts, turns, and implores her:

“Lay all upon the balance—all. Then speak,  
And let thy heart decide it”—

and she replies:

“Oh! thy own  
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou  
Thy heart’s first feeling”—



and then, full of presentiment, continues :

“ Even me  
My father’s guilt drags with it to perdition.”

She demeans herself, as Friedland’s proud daughter, when the evil day has broken upon her ; we see the working of a dark hopelessness upon a spirited soul, in her insisting upon hearing a second time the story of the Swedish captain. It is not empty pathos, but the dry tone of despair, which finds no relief in tears, when she says reproachfully to Neubrunn :

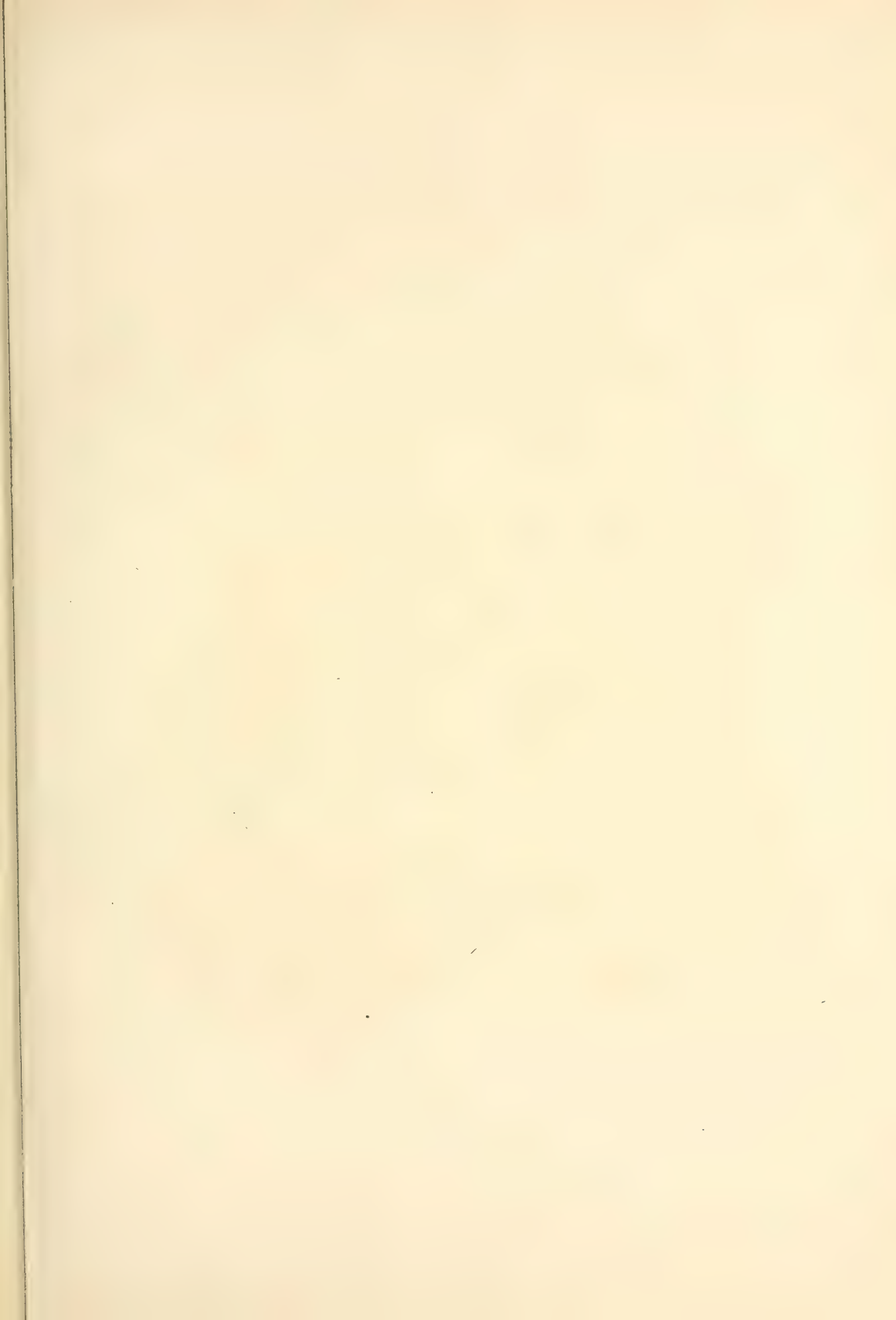
“ Had he a soft bed  
Under the hoofs of his war-horses ? ”

At last she succumbs to the superhuman power of fate. After the destruction of her lover she does not wish to live, and gives plain expression to this when, thinking of his faithful companions, she says :

“ They would not  
Forsake their leader even in his death.  
They died for him, and shall I live ? ”

The artist has taken her in these last scenes. In the blond, maidenly face, with its lofty, intellectual brow ; large, eager eyes ; small, but decided mouth, with its full lips and its firm chin, we see the genuine daughter of her father. His boldness and unbending will are there, his egoism is translated into the enthusiasm

and idealism of the woman; the pride of the nature born to command, and the native nobility, speak in the grand and royal form—not only of the head, but of the figure. There is something of the hero—there is something Titanic—in this blood; this race can be crushed, but not bent.





## THE CAPUCHIN.

(*Wallenstein.*)

THERE is a rudeness which, as the daughter of a natural coarseness, as well as of straightforwardness, and a sense of honor, is harmless, and must be put up with ; since what there is disagreeable in it is compensated by the fact that you, at least, know where to find the man who has it. But there is another kind, used only as a mask, to give a pretentious look to subtlety. Of the latter dangerous sort, where the serpent of a priest's cunning lurks beneath the roses of a soldier's roughness, is that found in the Capuchin, whom Schiller introduces to us, to whom, in connection with the master of the guard, he has assigned the intriguer's part in the great trilogy, and who displays to us, at the very outset, where Wallenstein's chief enemies are to be sought.

As an external profession, a channel for his secret activity, the duty is assigned him of caring for the spiritual concerns of the soldiers—of seeing that they are not wholly given over to evil. Certainly a hard task, and one that better men than he might fear, when



having to deal with such desperate patients, who say, as Holk's *Jager* says :

"Idle and heedless I'll take my way,  
Hunting for novelty every day."

Further on we see the idea developed, when the same *Jager* says of the army :

"One crime alone can I understand,  
And that's to oppose the word of command.  
What's not forbidden, to do make bold,  
And none will ask you what creed you hold."

For comrades who hold such views, and whose ideas of duty are so general in their application, we want, of course, potent means, such as are given in the world-renowned, bold dialectics of the Capuchin. These are, perhaps, borrowed from the incomparable sermons of Abraham a Sancta Clara. At all events, Schiller has, unquestionably, been indebted to this immortal type of the tone of a Capuchin for the coloring of his own.

In Schiller's friar we have, then, a philosopher of the Cynic order—not, by any means, a spare, black-galled fanatic, living, like the Preacher in the Wilderness, on locusts and wild honey, but a well-fed, red-haired, big-bellied parson, with powerful lungs and still better digestion, lacking neither in understanding nor in wit, least of all in a bull-dog spirit of contention, and a love of intrigue. He has become a priest, not from a spiritual nature, but because he is too lazy to do any thing else.

He has tried many parts in the drama of life, and learned that, according to his way of thinking, they are all worthless. In order to be a Capuchin, one must be either tolerably stupid and bigoted, or have a strong touch of humor, laziness, cynical contempt for good things, and a love of rule. Any other than such a rough and spendthrift growth would scarcely get on in the rude air of the camp.

The Provincial Father of Vienna has given him complete instructions, and he appears upon the field of operations thoroughly equipped. At the outset he makes his points well, and, in the consciousness of their merits, the soldiers take very quietly the incisive words of praise which he deals out to them with drastic eloquence. We never oppose the truth when it surprises us, and is presented with courage and strength, least of all when humor and a piquant application take off what is most offensive; and, in this play, the orator makes use of highly figurative speech for the manifest purpose of making his roughness more agreeable, and winning the regard of his hearers.

He has probably hoped that, according to the old receipt, a half-dozen sentences strung together, and confessed to be indisputable, would pave the way for a false and sophistical application, which he might induce the hearers to swallow; this stroke of policy often succeeds, particularly when a few good points are made at the end of all, and no time left for reflection.

So, for example, if our Capuchin begins by painting the political condition, and says—

“Why, folding your arms, stand ye lazily there,  
While the furies of war on the Danube now fare,  
And Bavaria's bulwark is lying full low?”—

every one knows, nevertheless, that the army is here, in Bohemia, taking care of its belly, and “grumbling a little;” and just as true it is that—

“In sackcloth and ashes, while Christendom's grieving,  
No thought has the soldier his guzzle of leaving,”

There is very little to be objected when he goes on, and endeavors to discover the cause of the war, and says:

“For sin is the magnet, on every hand,  
That draws your steel throughout the land.  
As the onion causes the tear to flow,  
So vice must ever be followed by woe”—

or, when he discourses to the soldiers:

“But he who 'mong soldiers shall hope to see  
God's fear, or shame, or discipline, he  
From his toil, beyond doubt, will baffled return,  
Though a hundred lamps in the search he burn.”

Down to this point, what he says is incontestable, and is quietly put up with, either from a consciousness of fault, or as the result of his wit; his words are even calculated to produce some effect, but, unfortunately, the orator, growing bold, in the hope of following up his good opening with what is false, loses all hold upon his

audience, when he unmasks his battery, and begins to deal with calumnies :

“But how should the slaves not from duty swerve?  
The mischief begins with the lord they serve;  
Just like the members, so is the head,  
I should like to know who can tell me his creed.”

This evidently purposed side-thrust at once calls forth opposition ; he seeks to do away with the effect by increasing his strokes, as well as by using a couple of incontestable arguments :

“Did he not boast with ungodly tongue  
That Stralsund must needs to his grasp be wrung,  
Though to heaven itself with a chain it were strung?”

But going on with his calumny, and using these words about the general :

“Denying, we know,  
Like Saint Peter, his Master and Lord below”—

which the soldiers, at least, cannot know. And when, at last, he blurts out :

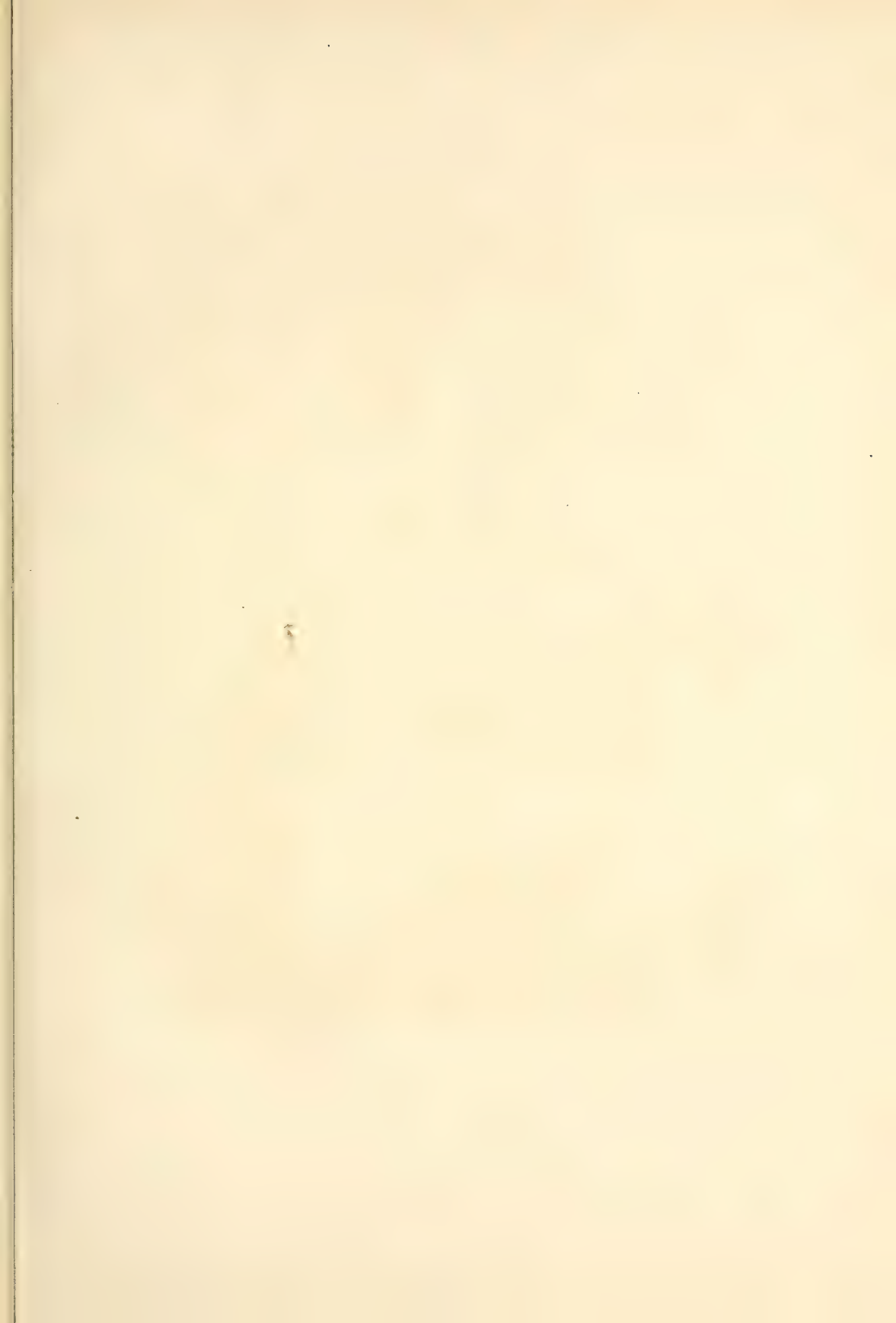
“He calls himself rightly the stone of a wall,  
For, faith, he’s a stumbling-stone to us all”—

it doesn’t help him at all, and he sees upon his side only those who have not understood his words, and merely trust his black coat, the Croats.

The same fate strikes the angry field-preacher which makes so many court-preachers its victim, who pursue just the reverse course to his, making men swallow, with

entire equanimity, a pack of flattering lies, because they taste well. But, in the end, the lies, as well as the liar, are cast out, as soon as the hearers understand the man, and have begun to mix a little unpalatable truth with the draught. In every case we find that, to preach to the mighty, whether it be a single man or a mass, is a hazardous thing, if there be knavery in the preacher's mind that untunes the morality of his words.







## GUSTEL VON BLASEWITZ.

(*Wallenstein.*)

A LONG period of war, like a long peace, calls forth peculiar characters—a class only possible under such circumstances. Wallenstein, Max, Isolani, and many others, cannot be comprehended, except in connection with this wearisome contest; and just as little should we know the two worthies, to whom the duty has fallen, in the drama, of providing for the spiritual and the corporeal man—the Capuchin and Gustel von Blasewitz. These he makes play their part with so much energy, that, in spite of the few, though bold and secure, strokes by which they are painted, they are both impressed in the strongest manner upon our memory. This is particularly the case with Gustel, who enjoys, therefore, a well-grounded popularity in both hemispheres, and has a great number of warm admirers among all recruits, cadets, and corporals, who betake themselves to *belles-lettres* during the numerous hours in which they are disengaged from duty.

Schiller derived this comical name, as is well known,

from the daughter of a tavern-keeper in Blasewitz, a village on the shore of the Elbe, near Dresden, and directly opposite Loschwitz, the place of Schiller's sojourn at that time. The girl, who was renowned for her beauty, bore the real name of Auguste Segadin. Her charms drew a great number of young and merry spirits to the charming village on the river-bank, and among them was the poet. At that time he, in connection with Korner and Naumann, was having theatrical representations. He wished to secure the assistance of Gustel in these, but she always refused. He threatened, nevertheless, to bring her upon the boards, and out of this threat sprang the name that gave our Gustel a very unwilling and unwelcome immortality. With that excessive want of humor, which characterizes many of the Saxon maidens, she never pardoned the poet to her dying day. Soon after this Schiller episode, she married a Dresden senator, Renner by name, and died as recently as 1856, a widow of ninety-four years. She was always extremely sensitive when conversation turned upon this unwelcome part that she had played; and we can readily understand that Schiller has made no use of the original, except to borrow her name.

With all the divergence of the Gustel, whom the poet has represented as so stout and strong, from the over-precise senator's wife, yet she perhaps can claim just as respectable a number of admirers, and we can hardly

mistake if we conjecture that a large share of them are proud of her friendship. Even her "old acquaintance," tall Peter of Itzehoe, says:

"Why have the lords of the regiment  
Lost their hearts over this pretty face?"

The epoch of her supreme brilliance is, to be sure, almost gone. The delicate little plant of former years has expanded into a more corpulent growth, and, during this incessant exposure of camp-life, has become rather weather-beaten. She is a person all the more strongly settled and self-centred, from the fact that the Scot, who had before travelled with her, had run away with every thing which she had laid up, and left her nothing but "the brat there," which the schoolmaster receives. If the Scotchman has robbed her of a good share of the material fruits gained in these campaigns, he could not, at any rate, take away all traces with himself, and "the tall Peter" answers tolerably ungallantly to her remark—that she had seen many cities, and become acquainted with many customs since "the rough broom of war had swept her from place to place"—"Yes, you show it." Meanwhile, not every necessity of love seems to have been erased from this tender heart, and the black eyes look out tolerably inquisitively into the world; only you notice that, in the genuine manner of hosts, her friendliness seems a little studied now, and put at the special service of those who drink several bottles of Melniker,



and—pay for them. In spite of her complaints and her everlasting trouble, she has prospered well in business, as may be seen from the fact that she is able to lend some cavaliers—among them, “the bad payer,” Isolani—two hundred thalers, and that half the army stands in her books. Once in a while she decks herself out to the utmost; beauties as much faded as hers bear much decoration. Whether she has paid hard money to the jeweller for her silver chains and garnets, or, in a cheaper fashion, gained them from Holk’s *Jagers* and Croats, for cancelled bottles of Melniker, we will not carefully inquire, but content ourselves with this, that “if the rose adorns itself, it adorns the garden too.” It might be as little advisable, too, to make careful investigations of what goodwife of Nuremberg or Pilzen she has “borrowed” the fur-hood with which she decks herself while in winter-quarters—a head-dress which hostesses seem to have taken a particular fancy to, they being met, at the present day, through all Bavaria—from Bohemia to Lake Constance—on the heads of well-to-do farmers’ wives and peasant-women.

Although we have such scanty hints respecting the past life of our Gustel, yet there are enough to convince us that her strong, sensuous nature, joined with a certain rude grace, was what carried her into the camp rather than any unhappy love. She does not appear to cherish the purpose of dying of a broken heart about that unhappy affair with the Scotchman, and, with the tact

of women of her class, she soon devotes herself to the education of the recruit who, as we know, "has expectations," and instructs him, without delay, in dancing. Whether she will impart to the novice any thing of the art of war we must leave an unsettled question ; but, as she speaks of "the best squadrons," she can, at all events, lay claim to the possession of no inconsiderable amount of strategy and tactics, and she appears to be at home in the art of taking by storm.

If the poet has given us her portrait with a few masterly touches, he was, unquestionably, assisted by his own years of experience in the camp, where he, doubtless, met many such characters as she, whence he could readily borrow their language, if not their names.









## ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

(*Mary Stuart.*)

It would be interesting to know accurately the course of thought pursued by Schiller which led him to repudiate his former views respecting that great queen, to whom England is indebted for a large share of her glory and prosperity; to know what induced the poet to treat her with such repulsive hardness, and only here and there to recognize the energetic nature, the great, royal soul, the representative of the mighty principle of Protestantism; whereas Mary, who represents Catholicism, is painted with all the intoxicating brilliancy of color which characterizes her faith. This is a concession to romanticism not elsewhere met in Schiller.

Even in the first act, where Burleigh indicates to Paulet the necessity for Mary's death, as well as the grounds that make the accomplishment of it perilous, we are prejudiced against Elizabeth:

"She fears to speak her wishes, yet her looks,  
Her silent looks, significantly ask—

‘Is there not one amongst my many servants  
To save me from this sad alternative?’”

While the aversion of the Protestant people to Papal rule, as well as the wish, growing out of it, for Mary’s execution, are thus painted—

“This was the country’s ceaseless fear—  
That she might die unwept by heirs,  
And England wear again the Papal fetters,  
If Mary Stuart followed, bearing rule”—

we can, notwithstanding, scarcely discern the love of the people for Elizabeth. And if, on the queen’s first appearance, she gives true expression to the feeling of her greatness in saying of her people—

“And I must offer up my liberty,  
My virgin liberty, my greatest good,  
To satisfy my people! Thus they’d force  
A lord and master on me! ’Tis by this  
I see that I am nothing but a woman  
In their regard. And yet methought that I  
Had governed like a man and like a king”—

yet the hardness repels us with which, directly after, she runs away from Mary’s petition for mercy; as does the hypocrisy with which she meets Burleigh’s plea that Mary’s death is necessary, by a pretended horror at all bloodshed; and as does the coldness with which, directly after, she takes up Shrewsbury in his defence of Mary—

“Lord Shrewsbury is a fervent advocate  
For mine and England’s enemy. I must  
Prefer those counsellors who wish my welfare”—

indicating clearly enough her own temper. Only once do we see her moved—when she receives Mary's letter; and even then there is a touch of malice in her emotion when she sighs:

“Oh! what is man? What is the bliss of earth?  
To what extremities is she reduced  
Who with such proud and splendid hopes began!”

But, directly afterward, she gives correct utterance to the feeling of tragic necessity, which compels her to destroy her adversary; and while the result comes clearly before our eyes—

“The blame will ever light on me—I must  
Avow it, nor can save appearances,  
That is the worst”—

she yet exasperates us to the highest degree by the hypocrisy which she shows in trying to avoid this result, and the baseness with which, while she seeks to urge Mortimer on to murder the Scottish queen, she proposes to bestow her own favor upon him as the reward of his deed. Mortimer is entirely right when, passing judgment on this boundless egoism, he says that, being capable of no devotion to her, he deserves none from her to him.

After this outbreak of mortal hatred and most repugnant wantonness, it is a relief when, in the presence of Leicester, she again becomes a queen:

"But I am not so blest. 'Tis not my fortune  
 To place upon the brows of him, the dearest  
 Of men to me, the royal crown of England.  
 The Queen of Scotland was allowed to make  
 Her hand the token of her inclination.  
 She hath had every freedom, and hath drunk  
 E'en to the very dregs the cup of joy."

But these reflections do not hinder her from appearing, directly after, with all her womanly weakness, and saying :

"And is it really true that she's so fair?  
 So often have I been obliged to hear  
 The praises of this wonder."

Even the lower motive, which her favorite places before her, works upon her—

"For though you should conduct her to the block,  
 Yet would it less torment her, than to see  
 Herself extinguished by your beauty's splendor.  
 Thus can you murder her as she hath wished  
 To murder you"—

and she allows herself to be really drawn into the toils.

In the celebrated scene that follows between the two queens, Schiller has again caused Elizabeth to appear in an odious light, and no less so when the queen speaks of the impossibility of a reconciliation between herself and the Church whose representative Mary is :

"Your friendship is abroad,  
 Your house is Papacy, the monk your brother."

Here our understanding would be entirely convinced, if our feelings were not so deeply wounded at the display of needless personal hatred against the unprotected enemy at her feet.

Driven by this hate, exasperated to the utmost by the meeting with Mary, and the treachery of Leicester, she at last signs the death-warrant, but not without first ringing the changes of hypocrisy again, and also not without a presentiment that her purpose will not reach its goal:

“ Ah! how much I fear,  
If now I heed the multitude's demand,  
The time will come when I shall hear  
A voice all different! Yes, even they  
Who drive me now by force unto this deed,  
Will sternly blame me when the act is done.”

In this moment of anxious doubt and sudden determination, the artist has caught Elizabeth; and we believe that he will be completely justified, if the reader confesses that he has succeeded in bringing out what is great, colossal, and really kingly in her nature.

If Elizabeth speaks of the certainty that the judgment has already been accomplished—

“ I am Queen of England!  
Now have I room upon the earth at last.  
Why do I shake? Whence comes this aguish dread?  
My fears are covered by the grave. Who dares  
To say I did it? I have tears enough  
In store to weep her fall”—



it is at least true, if not noble ; and that the hypocrisy with which she tries to rid herself of the appearance of the deed finds no credence, that the deed itself does not bring her the fruit that she expects from it, since it robs her of her lover—the woman conquered, while the queen triumphs—this is the tragic element in the destiny of this colossal character.





## MARY STUART.

(*Mary Stuart.*)

THE Scottish queen is indebted to the golden magic veil of poesy which our Schiller has woven about her fascinating head, if her memorial stands before us invested with all the glory of misfortune and an heroic death. In her the poet displays the inmost character of woman more than in any other of his plays. Although, he ascribes to her the common infirmities of her sex, as well as a certain intractableness of temper, yet he increases the power of her influence over others, by investing her with wonderful fairness and attractiveness of soul, as well as of body. These qualities draw every one powerfully to her, while her fortunate rival is portrayed as the possessor of a spirit of evil, and a double-minded character, without any atoning features—a portrait which cannot be historically true.

To such a degree has the poet thrown the charm of this mild beauty over the unfortunate queen, it permeates and adorns every thing that she says and does to such an extent, that she appears to us all the more

seductively the ideal of a weak woman, while he denies the faintest trace of such a gift to the more manly soul of her adversary, and compels us thereby to take part with him in favor of the fair unfortunate; for who would not rather be infatuated by the charm of sense than led by the dry understanding?

If his portraiture has not divided, with historical accuracy, the light and shade between the two enemies, at any rate, Schiller is not silent respecting Mary's guilt. He paints it in the very outset of the play. Mary's own nurse says of the queen's relation to Bothwell:

"Your ear was no more open to the voice  
Of friendly warning, and your eyes were shut  
To decency; soft female bashfulness  
Deserted you. Those cheeks, which were before  
The seat of virtuous, blushing modesty,  
Glowed with the flames of unrestrained desire."

But while he passes, with a few lines, over Mary's double guilt, from that time, on, we see only Mary's repentance and majesty—only the cruel tyranny that casts her down, only the wrong that is done her—and wonder at the courageous spirit, as she defends herself against Burleigh.

If, in this brilliant defence, the unhappy sufferer wins our heart, she completely captivates us in the scene where she takes her walk in the park—a passage in which the utmost splendor of poetry is poured over her: and whose heart is not touched when the unfortunate



woman emerges from her damp cell, which has for months enclosed her, and paints her hope and rapture in the words:

“Freedom returns. Oh! let me enjoy it!  
Let me be childish—be childish with me.  
Have I escaped from this mansion of mourning?  
Holds me no more the sad dungeon of care?  
Let me, with joy and eagerness burning,  
Drink in the free, the celestial air.  
Fast-fleeting clouds, ye meteors that fly,  
Could I but with you sail through the sky,  
Tenderly greet the dear land of my youth!”

Do we not seem to hear the very beating of her heart, see the wringing of her hands, and the tears of the delighted woman?

The artist could scarcely have selected a more favorable moment for his delineation than this scene, which leaves no eye dry, and which makes us think entirely of the pain endured by this charming creation, and forget all her guilt. Even when her womanly anger flames up afresh, as she hears the approaching steps of her tormentor—

“And nothing lives within me at this moment  
But the fierce, burning feeling of my wrongs,  
My heart is turned to direst hate against her”—

we feel with her, as well as when it seems to her that nothing good can come out of it, since she herself is far removed from forgiving her adversary; and that the

whole unbent pride of the queen lives in her when she says :

“The voice of Heaven decides for you, my sister,  
Your happy brows are now with triumph crowned,  
I bless the power divine which thus hath raised you”—

we find just as rational as that, when the woman in her is most deeply calumniated, she flashes up with a glow :

“My sins were human and the faults of youth ;  
Superior force misled me. I have never  
Denied or sought to hide it. . . .  
Woe to you when, in time to come, the world  
Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds,  
With which thy arch-hypocrisy has veiled  
The raging flames of lawless, secret lust !  
If right prevailed, you now would in the dust  
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch.”

Here the colossal power of her nature breaks forth, and our fair queen thinks of nothing but the satisfaction at having gained the victory in this duel of tongues :

“Now I am happy, Hannah, and at last,  
After whole years of sorrow and abasement,  
One moment of victorious revenge !  
A weight falls off my heart, a weight of mountains,  
I plunged the steel in my oppressor's breast.”

But this triumph instantly brings the severest penalty that could come to her. Through Mortimer, it is shown to her that her enemy, Elizabeth, is really right, that she occupies a place, in the eyes of a friend and dependant, as low as in the eyes of her adversary ; and



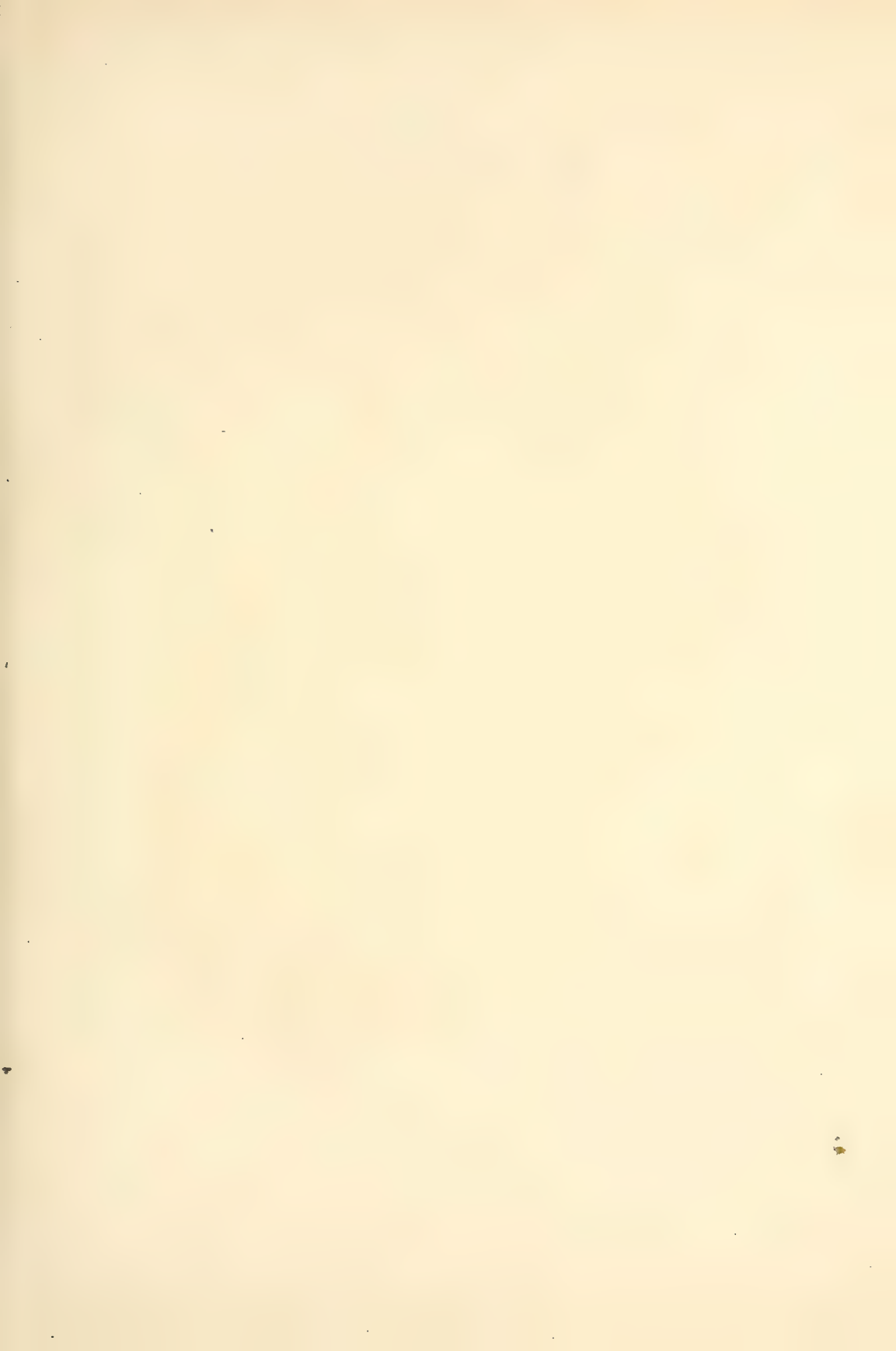
touching in her; whether she shares the grief of the old knight, at the loss of his nephew, or comforts her women, or shows, at the confessional, the clearest insight into her faults—

“My heart was filled with thoughts of envious hate,  
And vengeance took possession of my bosom. . . .  
Ah! not alone through hate—through lawless love  
Have I still more abused the sovereign good”—

or takes her leave of Leicester—

“To woo two queens has been your daring aim.  
You have disdained a tender, loving heart,  
Betrayed it in the hope to win a proud one”—

she never loses her calm, resigned dignity, and just as little her hold upon our constantly growing sympathy.







## LEICESTER.

*(Mary Stuart.)*

It is just those women who are richly endowed, and have powerful natures—this is an old experience—who commonly bestow their favor upon very unworthy men, and suffer themselves to be blinded merely by the sensuous charm of a handsome person. Thus far it is certainly a fine, psychologically correct touch, that Schiller portrays the lover of two great queens as an ignoble man; that he endows him with an overweight of pitiful weakness, such as he gives to no other character in any of his plays. This, doubtless, limits the tragical effect of Leicester's character, since horror, but certainly not disgust, belongs in the circle of emotions which tragedy should call forth.

The effect of Goethean characters—such as Clavigo, Weisslingen, and others—appears here unmistakably; but Goethe had the skill to clothe these characters with a certain seductive amiability, which grows base out of weakness, and by no means out of a conscious purpose. Lord Leicester, on the other hand, has no

particle of excuse for his baseness, nor does he reconcile us to himself by his death, as do Clavigo and Weisslingen, but, by his flight by ship to Frankfort, he puts the capstone upon his baseness.

Let us endeavor to see what there is in him which can explain the tenderness of both the queens toward him.

The first thing that we learn respecting him is, that Elizabeth's favorite, and Mary's lover, pronounced, without hesitation, at the court, in favor of the death of the latter; but afterward, when Elizabeth appeared to give a favorable ear to the French propositions for an alliance, he betrayed her as well; in endeavoring to postpone the execution of the sentence. He makes here that notable, fine discrimination of his between the duties of the judge and the statesman—

"'Tis true I, in the court of justice, gave  
My verdict for her death. Here, in the council,  
I may consistently speak otherwise;  
Here right is not the question, but advantage"—

which, at least, speaks favorably for his acumen, his practised skill, and presence of mind. Of these qualities, he gives, at once, a further proof, when Mary begs an interview with Elizabeth, and Burleigh dissuades the latter from it. Leicester knows, instantly, how to take Elizabeth on the weak side—

"Let us, my lords, remain within our bounds.  
The queen is wise, and doth not need our counsels  
To lead her to the most becoming choice"—

the language always addressed to princes when their flatterers seek to drive them to a foolish act, and an honorable man dissuades them.

What his real relation to both the queens is, he confesses with cynic openness to Mortimer :

“You seem surprised, sir, that my heart is turned  
 So suddenly toward the captive queen.  
 In truth, I never hated her. . . .  
 Ambition made me all insensible  
 To youth and beauty. Mary's band I held  
 Too insignificant for me. I hoped  
 To be the husband of the Queen of England.  
 Now, after ten lost years of tedious courtship  
 And hateful self-constraint, oh, sir, my heart  
 Must ease itself of this long agony. . . .  
 To lose, and at the very goal, the prize!  
 Another comes to rob me of the fruits  
 Of my so anxious wooing. . . .  
 Thus fall my hopes. I strove to seize a plank  
 To bear me in this shipwreck of my fortunes,  
 And my eye turned itself toward the hope  
 Of former days once more.”

A more amiable confession could scarcely be made, and it is not exactly conceivable how Mortimer could go a step farther in his confidence after it.

A deep knowledge of woman's heart is certainly not to be denied to the smooth and courtly lord; the most gifted woman would rather hear her skin praised than her brain; and even Elizabeth, when she discovers him with Mortimer, is silenced when, with quick presence of



mind, he pretends to be overcome by the splendor of her beauty. This single touch would be sufficient to clear Schiller of the reproach of not knowing woman's heart.

When any one undertakes to lie to any man, but, more especially, to one of very superior mind, he ought not to do it on a small scale, but to pile up his falsehoods to a colossal height; the little lie is much sooner detected than the big one. When it is "very steep," it is thought there must be something in it; one would not venture so far with an understanding known to be powerful. Care must be taken, in all these cases, that the lie hinges directly upon what is either feared or wished. True to this prescription, Leicester says to Elizabeth—

"But I love *you*, and were you born of all  
The peasant-maids the poorest, I the first  
Of kings, I would descend to your condition,  
And lay my crown and sceptre at your feet. . . .

I placed, in thought,  
You and Mary Stuart side by side.  
Yes, I confess I oft have felt a wish,  
If it could be but secretly contrived,  
To see you placed beside the Scottish queen.  
Then would you feel, and not till then, the full  
Enjoyment of your triumph. She deserves  
To be thus humbled. She deserves to see  
With her own eyes, and envy's glances keen,  
Herself surpassed; to feel herself o'ermatched  
As much by thee in form and princely grace,  
As in each virtue that adorns the sex"—



which is in very striking contrast with what he has just said to Mortimer, but which is not without its effect.

The interview has the well-known result, and Leicester sees himself read through and through by Burleigh; then, in order to crown his deeds, with nimble craft he sacrifices Mortimer, the very man who wanted, magnanimously, to rescue him. He even sets the capstone upon his treachery by insisting on the execution of the death-penalty pronounced upon Mary. Here, however, his fate overtakes him, announced by his adversary Burleigh's words :

"Since, then, his lordship shows such earnest zeal,  
Such loyalty, 'twere well were he appointed  
To see the execution of the sentence."

The nerves of the effeminate count were strong enough to commit treachery, but they do not sustain him in meeting its results. Mary, in saying to him—

"You keep your word, my Lord of Leicester, for  
You promised me your arm to lead me forth  
From prison, and you lend it to me now"—

deservedly annihilates him. It is at this point that the artist has caught him. The lord does, indeed, make an effort to collect himself:

"Wouldst thou not lose the guerdon of thy guilt  
Thou must uphold, complete it daringly.  
Pity be dumb, mine eyes be petrified;  
I'll see, I will be witness of her fall."

But the pangs of his conscience do not permit him to do so, and he falls in a swoon. It is his destiny that his repentance should have the same effect that his crime has ; after betraying Mary by his double tongue, he betrays Elizabeth in his very remorse.

A peculiar characteristic of all thoroughly base natures is, that, while regretting, indeed, all their evil deeds, they take all possible means to escape the results, instead of freely meeting the penalty of their own crimes ; and so Leicester ends in flight—true to his own character throughout the play—contemptible.





## MORTIMER.

*(Mary Stuart.)*

WE have already repeatedly indicated, in our comments, that the characteristic which the German nation especially values in Schiller, is his vigorous manfulness. Nowhere is there to be detected in him a trace of that singular mixture of cretinism and genius, not a trace of that effeminateness which makes so many of our artists of the second and third class appear like sick oysters, whose artistic talent is their only pearl, and whose weakly nature has contributed so much to the popular belief that æsthetic endowment is, on the whole, a kind of disease which necessarily makes its possessor somewhat misshapen and unsound, or, at least, insipid. In itself, however, the artistic faculty is nothing unnatural, nothing destructive of the harmonious wholeness of a man, nothing that must weaken his energies; on the contrary, every great man has something of the poet and the artist in himself, and perhaps they, most of all, who, like generals and statesmen, are the farthest removed from artist ranks.



The manly energy, the fresh spirit which have been exhibited in Mortimer, are the qualities which, in a measure, reconcile us to him, who has no other attributes calculated to awaken our interest, despite the seductive power of the language which the poet puts in his mouth, and which compels us all the more to express our views respecting his character as sharply as possible. Shorn of these advantages, almost every thing about him is ignoble. His characteristic quality is marked sensuality; not only his passion for Mary breathes the wildest ardor, but his going over to Catholicism is the result merely of the intoxication which the wonderful works of art, in Rome, have wrought upon his fanciful nature—Raphael's women, Palestrina's music, Michael Angelo's domes. He is, completely, a romanticist; it is not the germ of things that attracts him, it is the artistic form that infects him; so, directly after his religious conversion, he goes into merry society, passes from Romish ecclesiastical festivals to the "cheerful scenes of France," and ripens these for the cardinal, who—

"Showed me how the glimmering light of reason  
Serves but to lead us to eternal error,  
That what the heart is called on to believe  
The eye must see."

But, if reason causes us thus to err, it is not clear why God has bestowed it; and it is no plume in the cap of Catholicism that it must surrender this

faculty, however poetically the sacrifice may be presented to us.

Fanaticism and hypocrisy are twin-sisters, and so Mortimer makes, without delay, the acquaintance of the latter—unquestionably, the one most akin to the native reserve of an Englishman and his stubborn egotism. He learns the “difficult art of dissembling;” he does not even blush at confessing, before the whole court of England and his queen, that he has acted in a manner which, in common life, is called infamous; he even confesses that he has stolen into the confidence of the banished woman, and even made a pretence of surrendering his faith, in order to learn her purposes: “so far went my curiosity to serve thee” (Elizabeth)—a confession which, according to the opinions prevalent even then, would bring upon him the contempt of every man of honor. This he deserves, nevertheless, in spite of the want of truth in his confession, since it was entirely of a piece with all his conduct at the court of Elizabeth, and in relation to his own uncle. If this is reconcilable with honor, it is not clear where the bounds of the dishonorable begin.

Even Leicester, who, assuredly, was not a fool, deservedly says to him, in the scene in which the artist has portrayed him—

“I see you, sir, exhibit at this court  
Two different aspects. One of them must be  
A borrowed one.”

That his love to Mary, in like manner, has its source merely in sensuality, is everywhere shown us by the poet, whether Mortimer tells her what impression her picture made upon him, or confesses what impressions she herself makes upon him :

“ Your prison’s infamy !  
Hath it despoiled your beauty of its charms ?  
You are deprived of all that graces life,  
Yet round you life and light eternal beam.”

Even to the last interview, where, with his immoderate passion, he recalls to her her earlier amours, in order to justify his claims to her favor, and demanding it, at last, as the price of his service :

“ I will deliver you, and though it cost  
A thousand lives, I do it. But I swear,  
As God’s in heaven, I will possess you too.”

Elizabeth shows that she discerns his motives with entire correctness, when she proposes to gain him over by promising him her favor, repugnant as is this touch of lechery in her ; and nothing justifies him in saying—

“ Go, false, deceitful queen ! As thou deludest  
The world, e’en so I cozen thee. ’Tis right  
Thus to betray thee, ’tis a worthy deed ;  
Look I, then, like a murderer ? ”—

and all the more, as directly afterward he shows that she was not fair enough to recompense him for his service ; whereas, without hesitation, he sacrifices every

thing that comes in his way for Mary; he is willing even to murder his uncle, because—

*“O'er her, in rounds of endless glory, hover  
Spirits with grace and youth eternal blest,  
Celestial joy is throned upon her breast.”*

He has no superiority in morality, certainly, over Leicester, he surpasses him merely in spirit and in impudent daring; and these qualities alone justify Mortimer—at the time when Leicester asserts that an effort to free Mary is not to be ventured upon—in hurling at the latter this reproach:

*“Too hazardous for you who would possess her,  
But we, who only wish to rescue her,  
We are more bold.”*

This courageous spirit of youth reconciles us, in a measure, to him, when he says—

*“A daring deed must one day end the matter,  
Why will you not with such a deed begin?”—*

or appeals to Mary:

*“The coward loves his life. . . .  
Whoe'er would rescue you, and call you his,  
Must boldly dare affront e'en death itself.”*

It even glorifies his end, when, betrayed by Leicester, he cries:

*“Infamous wretch! But I deserve it all.  
Who told me, then, to trust this practised villain? . . .  
Life is the faithless villain's only good.”*

We are never able wholly to withhold respect from him, who is ready to pledge even his life in behalf of his convictions, be they ever so false ; or actuated, as in Mortimer's case, by thoroughly egotistical motives.







## BURLEIGH.

*(Mary Stuart.)*

IF a statesman is to be rightly judged, he must not be viewed from the stand-point of private rights. Above all things else, the time and the circumstances amid which he lived must be made real. And so we see Burleigh emerging amid the most envenomed civil strifes, and, following him in his career, we see the success which at last crowns his efforts, and those of the queen, to give the realm a greatness hitherto unknown, and to secure peace, in its outward relations, at least; yet all his efforts are constantly imperilled by the existence of a dangerous pretender to the crown.

If, in Schiller's tragedy, in the two queens, an exclusive predominance is given to the mere womanly nature, the unattonable antagonism of two rivals, who contend not only for a single throne, but no less for a man loved by them both, we see in the lord treasurer the cold representative of state-craft—the invincible advocate of the Protestant party. The impression of a certain measure of heartlessness in this one-sided

prominence, given to understanding and reason, is unavoidable, and Schiller has even intensified it by the addition of legal subtlety: Burleigh hates, in Mary, the Papist; in Leicester, the favorite of the queen. He is completely indifferent in the choice of means, if he can only attain his end—as much so as Mortimer on the Catholic side. If, therefore, he appears to maintain, strongly, the great principles of justice, which every man may enjoy without distinction of person—

“Where would be the state’s  
Security, if the stern sword of justice  
Could not as freely smite the guilty brow  
Of the imperial stranger as the beggar’s?”—

yet Mary justly describes him, as well as his method of thinking, when she says to him, reproachfully, that, with him, advantage weighs more than justice.

With cold blood he presses on as far as to the legal murder of Mary; he would even be willing, in order to be merely free of the disturber of the peace, to instigate Paulet to become her assassin:

“She scorns us, she defies us, will defy us,  
Even at the scaffold’s foot. . . .  
The sword of justice which adorns the man  
Is hateful in a woman’s hand. The world  
Will give no credit to a woman’s justice,  
If woman be the victim. Vain that we,  
The judges, spoke what conscience dictated.  
She has the royal privilege of mercy,  
She must exert it. ’Twere not to be borne,

Should she let justice take its full career;  
 Therefore, should she yet live? Oh, no,  
 She must not live, it must not be; 'tis this,  
 Even this, my friend, that so disturbs the queen.  
 . . . . .  
 Well might it be avoided, thinks the queen,  
 If she had only more attentive servants.  
 . . . . .  
 Who, when a poisonous adder is delivered  
 Into their hands, would keep the treacherous charge,  
 As if it were a sacred, precious jewel?"

There is something that reminds us of the old Cato's  
 "Ceterum censeo," when we see the fixed, resolute man  
 continually coming back, with fearful steadfastness of pur-  
 pose, to his demand for the death of the Scottish queen—

"They demand  
 The Stuart's head. If to thy people thou  
 Wouldst now secure the precious boon of freedom,  
 And the fair light of truth so dearly won,  
 Then she must die. If we are not to live  
 In endless terror for thy precious life,  
 The enemy must fall. . . .  
 No peace can be with her and with her house.  
 Thou must resolve to strike or suffer;  
 Her life is death to thee—her death thy life"—

when he seeks to put out of the way every thing which  
 could hinder the attainment of this goal, and, among  
 others, the interview of Elizabeth and Mary—

"For her, the base encourager of murder,  
 Her who hath thirsted for our sovereign's blood,  
 The privilege to see the royal presence  
 Is forfeited. . . .



She is condemned to death, her head is laid  
 Beneath the axe, and it would ill become  
 The queen to see a death-devoted head.  
 The sentence cannot have its execution  
 If the queen's majesty approaches her,  
 For pardon still attends the royal presence"—

and when, at last, after the unhappy result of the interview, and the attempt upon the queen's life, he believes the opportunity come to carry the sentence into execution, he hastens, with the utmost speed, to take advantage of Elizabeth's passionate excitement. Burleigh's decided character shows itself most in the scenes with the French ambassador, and with Leicester, whose artifices he quickly sees through, overwhelming him with cutting scorn; and, with cool villany, compelling him to be the very man appointed to lead Mary to her execution:

"This same Mortimer  
 Died most conveniently for you, my lord.  
 . . . . .  
 Since, then, his lordship shows such earnest zeal—  
 Such loyalty, 'twere well were he appointed  
 To see the execution of the sentence."

The vast superiority of the statesman's reasoning is shown in marked contrast with that of other men around him, who are impelled by their private passions merely, in the scene where Elizabeth hesitates to sign the death-warrant. From the moment when he says to her—

"Obey thy people's voice, it is the voice of God"—

and sets aside Shrewsbury's objection that the queen, in her present humor, was not master of her own judgment—

“Judgment has long been passed, it is not now”—

down to the time when, with a frankness and a vehemence which only the consciousness of being the representative of a great principle can give, he holds up her duties to the queen—

“Wait for it, pause, delay, till flames of fire  
 Consume the realm, until the fifth attempt  
 Of murder be successful! God, indeed,  
 Hath thrice delivered thee. Thy late escape  
 Was marvellous, and to expect again  
 A miracle would be to tempt thy God. . . .  
 You say you love your people 'bove yourself—  
 Now prove it. Choose not peace for your own heart,  
 And leave your kingdom to the storms of discord.  
 Think on the Church. Shall, with this Papist queen,  
 The ancient superstition be renewed?  
 The monk resume his sway, the Roman legate  
 In pomp march hither, lock our churches up,  
 Dethrone our monarchs? I demand of you  
 The souls of all your subjects; as you now  
 Shall act, they all are saved or all are lost.  
 Here is no time for mercy; to promote  
 Your people's welfare is your highest duty.  
 If Shrewsbury has saved your life, then I  
 Will save both you and England, that is more”—

and, with these words, regains the esteem which his apparent heartlessness withdrew from him, since we see

that personal motives do not actuate him, but that the welfare of his country is the highest spur to all his actions. This nobler, grander sense of obligation does not take away from him the stiff, unbending air with which he brings the death-sentence to Mary, and receives her last wishes—the moment in which the artist has represented him.







## JOAN.

*(The Maid of Orleans.)*

So unrivalled is the place that this enthusiastic girl occupies in history, that, on that very account, she is even at this present time an object of contemplation and of wonder for the statesman and politician, as well as of the devotion and the completely justified reverence of every sensitive heart. All the explanations which have been made of this remarkable episode in French history have served, not only to increase the impression of astonishment, but also to perfectly justify Schiller's conception of Joan, and have been steadfastly opposed to the really obnoxious manner in which a few of her own countrymen have made her a subject of the most frivolous wit and the most common ribaldry. Voltaire, in especial, has exhibited a conspicuous instance of his low tone of thought in his notorious "Pucelle."

Recent historical investigations confirm, as before remarked, Schiller's representation of the youth and the probable solitary training of the maid. We meet her in the seclusion of shepherd-life, whose isolation

so strongly tempts the spirit to contemplation, to deep introversion, to fanaticism ; and, in this retired life, she has become capable of that lofty enthusiasm and that glow of ecstasy which she exhibits ; she has, moreover, been driven to the necessity of cultivating the utmost courage of spirit, in consequence of her defencelessness in the wild haunts which she frequented. She delights in her youthful years, and in her blossoming beauty ; she has just entered the age which is decisive with her destiny as a maid—the age when that impulse awakens, which either finds its fulfilment in love, as is the case with most women, or, as sometimes occurs, which prompts one to follow some ideal interest, ordinarily that of religion. With Joan's lofty spirit, the choice must be the latter ; an inclination to undertake a mission, and even the appearing of visions, were what would be expected in such a soul ; and, unquestionably, a person in her condition would necessarily take hold of that which most moved her being. That, at her time, the dull roar of the tempests, that were raging through her native land, at length penetrated her ear too, and filled her heart with fierce hatred against the cruel oppressors, is perfectly comprehensible ; and no less so is the immense effect which it could awaken in this spirit, which was only seeking an occasion to call out its latent enthusiasm.

Upon this simple and colossal nature the thought of her country's need fell like a spark, that set her whole

soul on fire. A worthy goal had only been wanted to raise her soul to the greatest ecstasy, in which she must seem like a riddle to her relatives, whose souls were not capable of a like impulse. To a spirit highly stimulated, and naturally heroic, the wish to attempt the delivery of her country was not so far removed, but that dreams and visions in the night should seem to make the deliverance of the nation a call of duty.

That the sudden appearance of the enthusiastic maid amid a people which, at every time, is capable of passing from extreme depression to the greatest enthusiasm, and the reverse, must have kindled the popular zeal all the more, if she emerged into public view at the time when the national hopelessness, begotten by the indecisive bearing of the king, had reached the highest point; and when the nation, discouraged by long misfortune, exasperated to the utmost by opprèssion, could say to itself—

“Worthless is the nation that stakes not  
Its all with cheerfulness upon its honor”—

that her appearance should effect all this, although remarkable and interesting in the highest degree, is by no means explicable.

On the contrary, that, at the first surprise of the nation, she could effect that transformation into an enthusiasm which overcame every thing in its way, is all the more clear, from the fact that numerous

prophecies had prepared the minds, not only of the masses, but also of scholars, to expect such a wonderful phenomenon as her appearance. But, in Joan's feeling at the same time that, by this warlike mission, she was stepping out of the circle imposed upon her by virtue of her sex, the thought suggests itself at once to her, in full accordance with the spirit of her age, that this step is only to be atoned by renouncing earthly love, as one consecrated to God. Moreover, it is a confident belief in her mission which is displayed, when she feels herself pledged to spare no enemy, and strikes down young Montgomery without any compunctions of conscience ; and so, too, when, confronting him, she utters her belief in her obligation to show no mercy—

“I'm born a shepherd-maid.

This hand, accustomed to the peaceful crook,  
Is all unused to wield the sword of death.  
Yet, snatched away from childhood's peaceful haunts,  
From the fond love of father and of sisters,  
Urged by no idle dream of earthly glory,  
But Heaven-appointed to achieve your ruin,  
Like a destroying angel I must roam,  
Spreading dire havoc round me, and, at length,  
Myself must fall a sacrifice to death.  
Never again shall I behold my home :”—

and so she feels, too, after passing so completely and irrevocably from the wonted place of woman, that she cannot return thither, that she must not only sacrifice victims, but be one herself. But when this self-deny-

ing, womanly heart asserts its rights, when, at Lionel's glance, love approaches her, this feeling confuses her, and appears to her a crime :

“ What ! I permit a human form  
To haunt my bosom's sacred cell,  
And there, where heavenly radiance shone,  
Doth earthly love presume to dwell ?  
The savior of my country, I,  
The warrior of God most high,  
Burn for my country's foeman ? ”

All intense excitement, like that which carried Joan away, and the people with her, gives place to a sense of satiety and exhaustion when its goal is reached, and, as a result of this necessary reaction, we have to view what occurred after the entry into Rheims—the accusation of her own father, and the ingratitude of the court. Meantime, Joan's own consciousness of guilt prevents her quickly replying to the accusations urged, and permits her to doubt as to the validity of her own mission, and at the very instant when the result of her heroism was most triumphantly displayed. The reason was, that after having once renounced nature, she felt that the return to it would be a contradiction—a want of loyalty. Perceiving this satiety and exhaustion around her, she doubts still more about herself; what had just appeared to her as a calling from God, seems to her now, if not a delusion of the devil, yet, at least, a trial which she must bear as a penance.

Like the whole nation, she, too, finds her faith in



her high mission return to her, in its full strength, when pressing need approaches anew ; her old enthusiasm overcomes her afresh, leading her to victory and to death, and causing her to utter once more the feeling of regained harmony with herself :

“No, I am not a sorceress ! Indeed  
I am not one. . . .  
Yes, all around me now seems clear again :  
That is my king ; these banners, here, of France ;  
My banner I behold not. Where is it ?  
Without my banner I dare not appear ;  
To me it was confided by my Lord,  
And I before His throne must lay it down.  
I there may show it, for I bore it truly.”





## CHARLES VII.

*(The Maid of Orleans.)*

DILETTANTEISM is everywhere repugnant, but it is full of profoundest danger when a king takes it to the throne, not in peaceful times, but amid wild, warlike times, which demand a whole man, and find nothing but an art-loving weakling.

Charles VII., as Schiller, closely following history, pictures him, is such a dilettante king; very "respectable" and well brought up, he never does any thing ungracefully; having a fine gift of language, he always makes beautiful speeches, full of delicate fancy, when actions are wanted; he wishes well to every thing, but has power for nothing. Take hold of him firmly, and he shrinks back. He is like snow, that never holds an impression, and melts in your hands when you think you have secured it. For all his gentle, good wishes, of which he is full; for all his sighs and moans over the misery of his country, he is still able to keep himself in the best possible condition—he makes verses, he has them sung before him; he loves artists and hates soldiers,

Were he deprived of his artist friends, he would certainly love soldiers, for, at bottom, it is a sense of duty which is hateful to him; he wants mere pleasures; he would like to make his people happy, yet without any effort of his own. Like all weak natures, he lays great stress on external appearances; a prescribed form must make up for hollowness within; nothing is so repugnant to him as Dunois's rough modes of speech; had court etiquette not been invented long ago, he would certainly have brought it into vogue, in order to keep himself free from every thing that might disturb his sentimental and romantic inclinations. So, when he first comes before us, he is glad to be free of the Connétable; his joy at this far surpasses the humiliation and the pain of surrendering all his territory as far as to the Loire. On this account, too, is love so important to him, and Agnes so dear; she supports him without knowing it, and he finds it charming that she offers every thing to him, even her honor, and will receive nothing from him but his love.

It is perfectly comprehensible how such a character, at the head of a nation, can completely demoralize it, since it cannot drop him with all the good-nature that he seems to have; and yet, while despairing about its head, it at last loses confidence in the power of the limbs, and so falls into that discouraged and pitiable condition in which we find it at the commencement of the play, and out of which the spectacle of Joan's brave



spirit quickly plucks it. Even Charles has occasional traces of a knightly temper—where they are not especially becoming; in one of these he calls out the Duke of Burgundy, in the assured conviction that the challenge will not be accepted. It was only a romantic flight of his; for, directly after, when the national danger was at the highest, he shows himself completely destitute of resources, breaks down utterly, and tries to comfort himself for his want of spirit with the words:

“A dark and ominous doom  
Impendeth o’er the Heaven-abandoned house  
Of Valois. There preside the avenging powers,  
To whom a mother’s crimes unbarred the way.”

After the manner of such natures, he quickly and with skilful instinct transfers his own faults to the shoulders of others.

Can we find reason to wonder that the forceful queen Isabeau—that proud, manlike woman—despises this “respectable,” art-loving son? She has too well experienced the perfidy which is the constant companion of such weak natures as are never able to hold firmly to any thing. How little Charles understands this, we see in the readiness with which he will surrender Orleans; and when Dunois represents to him that they are all ready to espouse his cause, for—

“It is the law of destiny that nations  
Should, for their monarchs, immolate themselves.

We Frenchmen recognize this sacred law,  
Nor would annul it"—

he yet gives all up, and answers—

"I can do no more"—

and comforts himself like the dilettante he is, who always leaves in the lurch the call of duty when difficulties come :

"Is, then, the sceptre such a peerless treasure?  
Is it so hard to loose it from our grasp?"

If, as a king, he always falls short, it cannot be denied that he possesses many of the virtues of a private man ; he is good-humored, free-handed, full of fine fantasies ; without being brilliant or deep, he has much tender feeling, as exhibited in the difficult scene of the Duke of Burgundy, and in the gentleness that would remove every thing that might wound the newly-won friend. Everywhere he shows himself easily propitiated ; he does not hold firmly to any thoughts of vengeance—for the reason, perhaps, that he does not hold firmly to any thing. All that remains constant to him, in all circumstances, is his glibness of speech. Crowned romanticists always know how to make very fine and intellectual observations, particularly about things that are past and gone. They are the true funeral preachers ; and King Charles shows himself a master of this craft, when he says of the dead Talbot :

"Well, peace be with his ashes. Bear him hence.  
Here, in the heart of France, where his career  
Of conquest ended, let his relics lie.  
So far no hostile sword attained before.  
A fitting tomb shall memorize his name,  
His epitaph the spot whereon he fell."

Nothing better, surely, could be said regarding the hero, after he had been so badly fought with!

But, if he knows how to do justice to the dead, his want of ability to do so with the living becomes the more conspicuous. We have an instance of this in the coronation scene, where he proposes to raise an altar to the maiden who has won for him his crown and realm, and put her by the side of St. Denis, and then, ten minutes later, at the accusation of a bigoted peasant, he lets her stand helpless, and even carries his favor so far that he, who owes her every thing, says through the lips of Du Chatel:

"Joanna d'Arc, uninjured from the town  
The king permits you to depart. The gates  
Stand open to you; fear no injury,  
You are protected by the royal word."

Of course, our artistic king does not let the opportunity slip of pronouncing a funeral discourse upon her, after she had died for him:

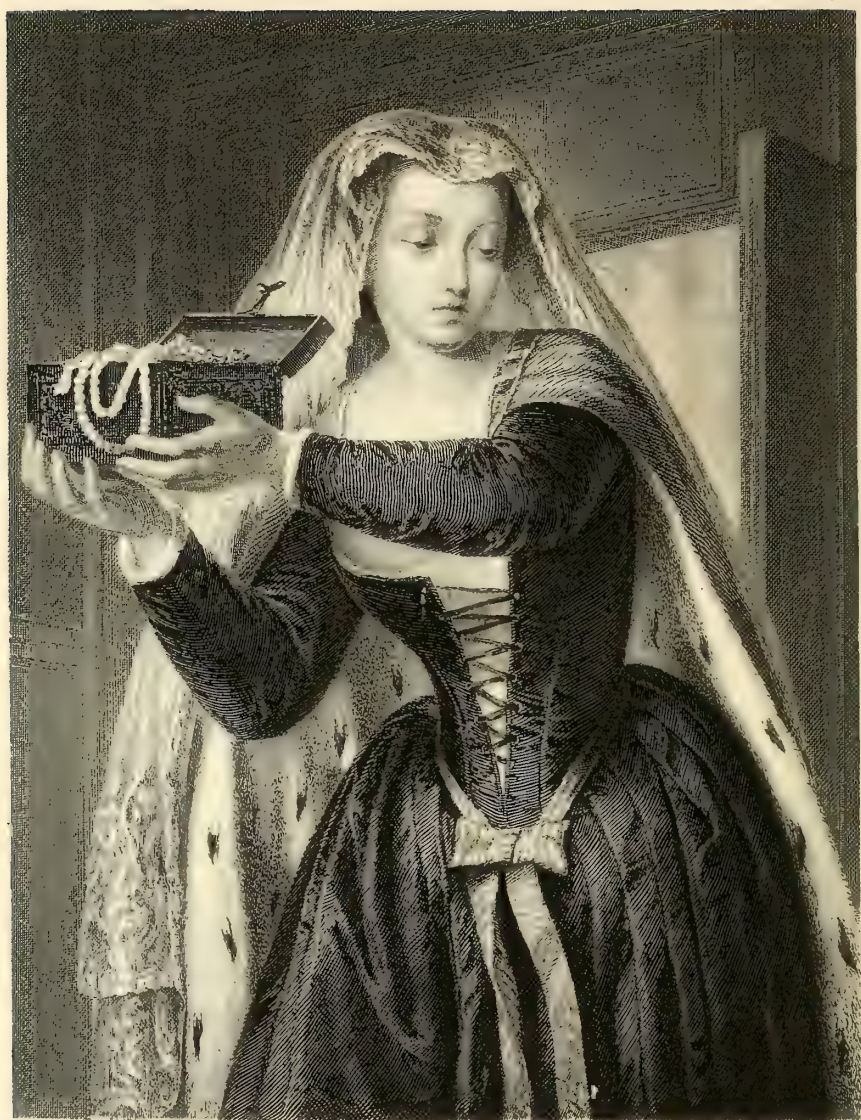
"She's gone, she never will awaken more;  
Her eye will gaze no more on earthly things.  
She soars on high, a spirit glorified;  
She seeth not our grief—our penitence."

This completes the picture of his weakness. His feeble nature cannot fail to be discerned in our drawing, based, as it is, upon existing portraits; in the narrow face, the great, dreamy eyes, the long, thin nose, the sharp lips, and the little, thin hand, as well as in the slender, effeminate figure, it is only too plainly expressed. Seizing Charles's character, where most clearly developed in the play, the artist has represented him in the scene where, just before the appearance of the maid, he gives up his cause in despair, and sighs—

“Blood hath been poured forth freely, and in vain.  
The hand of Heaven is visibly against me.”







## AGNES SOREL.

*(The Maid of Orleans.)*

THE genius of woman lies in her heart, and when the demands of the heart are completely satisfied, we must study woman's affectional nature only in its own appropriate realm, and find some new surprise in its inexhaustible supply of features which move and touch us.

Such a character—which has enjoyed the good fortune of remaining in perfect harmony with itself, notwithstanding that it has been adorned, not only with all personal charms, but also with those of uncommon intellectual power, as well as of superior education—we see in the renowned woman, whose pure and exalted love, for ages beautified with all the charm of romance, has assumed a worthy place in all souls capable of feeling, and to whom our Schiller also has erected a fair memorial in his work, investing that tenderness of hers, which has become proverbial, with all the magical charms of his poesy. In his production, we become acquainted with her as one of the most con-

spicuous priestesses of love, as that one of all his heroines who has lived most exclusively to love alone.

The laws of the realm making it difficult for the king to give a priestly consecration to the alliance which his heart had formed with her, and compelling him, would he do this, to descend from his royal position, and deny legitimacy to his heirs, she is unwilling to accept this sacrifice, although it is offered to her, and although her illicit relation to him brings a blemish upon her, of which she shows herself to be perfectly conscious, when she says to him :

“How! Have I freely sacrificed to thee  
What is esteemed far more than gold or pearls,  
And shall I now hold back the gifts of fortune?”

She knows that she can only make the want of position good by unbounded fidelity and devotion, and therefore she makes the further sacrifice of her wealth, not only without hesitation, but she even refuses to appropriate every temporary advantage which she might draw from the king's passion for her. Yet he himself says of her :

“She's nobly born as I—  
The royal blood of Valois not more pure;  
The most exalted throne she would adorn,  
Yet she rejects it with disdain, and claims  
No other title than to be my love.  
No gift more costly will she e'er receive  
Than early flower in winter or rare fruit,  
No sacrifice on my part she permits,

Yet sacrificeth all she hath to me.  
 With generous spirit she doth venture all—  
 Her wealth and fortune—in my sinking bark.”

While she claims nothing for herself but the right to sacrifice every thing for him—that fairest and most charming right of all tender, womanly hearts—she yet neglects no means to call back to the weak man’s remembrance his duty as king; she spares no pains in keeping him secure in his exalted place. She appeals to him—

“Thy courtiers metamorphose into soldiers,  
 Thy gold transmute to iron. All thou hast,  
 With resolute daring, venture for thy crown”—

and still displays the noblest spirit when misfortune has mounted to the highest point, and when he, in his pusillanimity, is ready to renounce all; she buoys him up, with a hero’s spirit, when he gives way:

“God forbid  
 That we, in weak despair, should quit this realm!  
 This utterance came not from thy heart, my king—  
 Thy noble heart, which hath been sorely riven  
 By the fell deed of thy unnatural mother.  
 Thou’lt be thyself again. Right valiantly  
 Thou’lt battle with thine adverse destiny,  
 Which doth oppose thee with relentless ire.”

She reveals to us a great, noble soul, which only her own wealth of love deceives respecting the weakness of her lover, to whom her fancy lends all the advantages, the want of which makes him play so sorry a part. She



feels rightly, as only love can feel, that if a miracle alone can carry him through the tempest of fierce battle, he has such a good-will to his people, and such a noble disposition, that he will be able to bless his land when once it is in peace :

“Heaven, in thy gentle spirit, hath prepared  
The leech to remedy the thousand ills  
By party rage inflicted on the land.  
The flames of civil discord thou wilt quench,  
And my heart tells me thou’lt establish peace,  
And found anew the monarchy of France.”

The humbleness and modesty which the fair lady shows on every occasion, the bashful manner with which she offers her jewels—in which act the artist represents her to us—as well as the veneration with which she throws herself in the dust before Joan—in all these she appears as the gentle, affectionate, devoted creature to whom love is all. On this account, too, she cannot comprehend the Maid of Orleans; she cannot understand a mission which shall, after the goal of battle is reached, close the heart to those gentle emotions which she experiences, and therefore says to her—

“Oh! couldst thou own a woman’s feeling heart!  
Put off this armor, war is over now;  
Confess thy union with the softer sex.  
My loving heart shrinks timidly from thee,  
While thus thou wearest Pallas’ brow severe”—

where she would gladly see Joan share the rapture



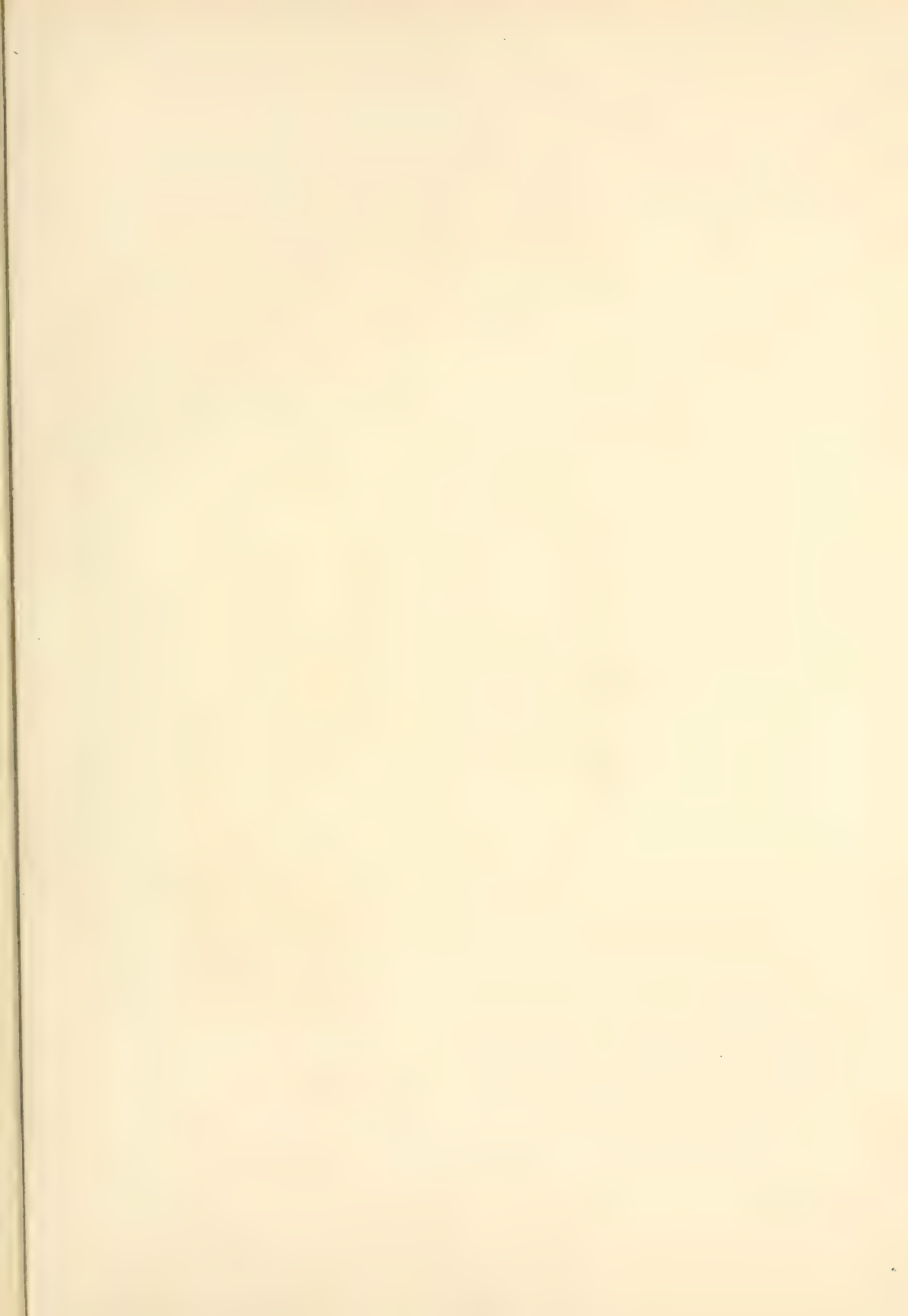
which she feels, and which she expresses so naive and humanly :

“For—all my weakness shall I own to thee?  
Not the renown of France, my fatherland,  
Not the new splendor of the monarch's crown,  
Not the triumphant gladness of the crowds,  
Engage this woman's heart. One only form  
Is in its depths enshrined. It hath not room  
For any feeling save for one alone.  
He is the idol—him the people bless,  
Him they extol, for him they strew these flowers;  
And he is mine—he is my own true love.”

The fate of the historical Sorel was what would be expected from linking her destiny to a character so weak as Charles: weary of the court, or herself grown superfluous there, she withdrew to her palace Beauté, from which she received the name “*Dame de Beauté*.” At the repeated invitation of the king and queen, however, she visited the palace once more, where, in 1450, she suddenly died, as was suspected, from poison.

The picture which we give of her is based upon an authentic portrait coming down from her time, which suffers us to suspect the gentle and devoted character of the fair lady, to whose soft heart love could lend every thing, and which it was even able to steel with courage and decision.







## TALBOT.

*(The Maid of Orleans.)*

IF in the Maid we have the power of faith personified, and see it victorious over every thing—all material forces, all the appliances of the understanding, the art of war as well as state-craft, if these all are able to effect nothing when brought into collision with faith's immeasurable power, we need, as a representative of these resistant forces, one who shall bring out their entire possibility into the clearest light, and make their triumph all the more brilliant.

This contrast to the Maid is presented in Talbot, who possesses every thing in profusion which is lacking to the inexperienced Joan: the richest experience, the confident self-consciousness of a victorious general, a truly colossal mind, an invincible, all-defying courage, unfailing presence of mind, and all these qualities interpenetrated by the keenest understanding, in which he stands far before all the other characters of the great scene. But this very pitiless logic of thought, in the unbending hero-nature that is so imposing, is powerless



against the enthusiasm of faith ; for, while this binds together what is most widely sundered, and melts, with its glow, the stiff ice-covering of brittle natures, that cutting sharpness often separates and isolates, instead of binding together.

This portentous working of his spirit we learn at the very first appearance of the general. With entire correctness he declares the panic of the soldiers to be folly ; but he pains the allies at the same time, by giving prominence to his most marked characteristics—his genuine English pride, hardness, and relentlessness. In reading the contest-scene with the Duke of Burgundy, our thoughts are transferred, involuntarily, to much later times. Controlled, as he was, by understanding alone, Talbot must always give weight to those reasons and convictions which, with the mass of men, have so little weight ; and, therefore, repugnant as Queen Isabeau is to his nature, he yet bows before her mind, and gives her, despite his pride, the hand of reconciliation. Notwithstanding, while he yields to her reasoning, he cannot deny himself the satisfaction of repaying this humiliation by giving Queen Isabeau a few malicious side-thrusts :

“Go, in God’s name ! When you have left the camp,  
No devil will again appall our troops.”

How the sword-like sharpness of his nature appears in every word !

There follow the two battles, whose description is

among the finest which Schiller's muse has given to us, and in which we see the hero submit to the most searching trial. It is a perfectly correct touch, that he alone remains unconfused in the universal panic, yet his nature being, as it is, simply under the control of understanding, does not enable him to comprehend the tumultuous fear that prevails; he does not understand the wondrous power that confronts him; to him the Maid is merely—

“The juggling minx who plays the well-learned part  
Of heroine.”

We pardon him for this one-sidedness merely out of regard to the heroic defiance with which, amid the universal panic, he swears:

“This sword shall pierce  
Who talks to me of fear or coward flight!”

This interest in the proud hero is yet heightened when we fall in with him the third time; conquered and mortally wounded, we hear him, in his pain and despair, curse, like the bound Prometheus, that fate which he regards as unjust; and, with dreadful energy, he breaks out into the celebrated words:

“Folly, thou conquerest, and I must yield.  
Against stupidity the very gods  
Themselves contend in vain. Exalted Reason,  
Resplendent daughter of the Head divine,  
Wise foundress of the system of the world,

Guide of the stars, who art thou then, if thou,  
 Bound to the tail of Folly's uncurbed steed,  
 Must, vainly shrieking, with the drunken crowd,  
 Eyes open, plunge down headlong in the abyss?"

This blasphemy works all the more powerfully and fearfully upon us, since the nature of the man, who gives vent to it, has become so clear, that we see that this feeling has sprung necessarily out of his very soul.

The whole lofty, proud grief of this vanquished spirit lies in his wrath as he continues :

"Accursed who striveth after noble ends,  
 And with deliberate wisdom forms his plans!  
 To the fool-king belongs the world."

Nor can we refuse to justify his point of view when he says :

"But to be baffled by such juggling arts!  
 Deserved our earnest and laborious life  
 Not a more earnest issue?"—

on the contrary, we admire the genuineness, heroism, brevity, and nervousness of this dying speech, that grand contempt of all pathos, that proud modesty with which he calls his fame-crowned life merely "earnest and laborious." It is, therefore, a really tragic event that the limitations of his nature and his want of fantasy allow him no bridge to the world beyond—a world which not the intellect grasps, but the soul perceives; so that he, who fills the world with his warlike name, carries from the strife of life no other booty than—

“an insight into nothingness,  
And utter scorn of all which once appeared  
To us exalted and desirable.”

In this cold view something colossal appears to us to exist. Notwithstanding that we are convinced of his grievous error, and see perfectly clearly that he must rightly succumb, because, in the pride of his own power, he despises the heart of man—the inexhaustible source of feeling; and, in his blindness, does not perceive that that which he has lightly undertaken is an attack upon the existence of a noble race, before whose wounded pride all individual superiority must succumb—despite all this, we admire the hero still.

There is something Napoleonic in this nature, in this energetic realism which fails to recognize ideal forces, even then, when, vanquished by them, he is cast down to the earth.









## QUEEN ISABEAU.

*(The Maid of Orleans.)*

THERE is no figure in the drama so well adapted to bring home to us the disturbed condition of affairs in all France at that time, to show us how completely all natural bonds were severed during the civil war, as that of the queen, who goes so far beyond the limits prescribed by her sex, and who forms in her whole aspect so fearful a contrast to the Maid. She is thoroughly adapted to prepare us for the extraordinary apparition which we are subsequently to encounter in Joan. If the latter renounces her womanly nature out of devotion to a loftier idea, Isabeau, impelled by a wild passion, acts in equal disregard and defiance of her position as wife and mother.

To account for a psychological process so abnormal, needs little more than to cite the points in her character, given slightly and sketchily in the play, yet with masterly correctness. At the outset we see nothing but the fear and dismay which this woman's unnatural warfare with her own son excites in the mass of men ; and with these

we discern the opposition which is encountered even from the more highly-trained generals, who frankly say :

“Go ! go ! The thought of combatting for you  
Unnerves the courage of the bravest men.”

Yet even they yield to the force of the reasons which this clever woman urges, and unite, after a most bitter feud had parted them ! In the brief, masterly scene, which is allowed her for her justification, she quickly displays all the qualities which the artist needs to use in drawing her portrait ; and it is here, therefore, that she is represented. She shows us there the richly-endowed, proud, mighty nature, with its penetrating understanding, and strong, eager sensuousness ; with her, feeling has but a subordinate part to play. Had this spirited, heroic, commanding princess had a husband who was her equal, sound in mind and in body—in one word, a true man—she would assuredly never have gone beyond the circle which her sex and the habits of her age prescribed. But, in her very youth, she is compelled to enter into the most unnatural relations—thrust into a foreign land, compelled to marry a man at whose side she experiences, not rapture, but compassion or fear. And now the fierce, uncontrolled elements in her character break forth ; she herself says :

“I’ve passions and warm blood, and, as a queen,  
Come to this realm to live, and not to seem.  
Should I have lingered out a joyless life  
Because the curse of adverse destiny

To a mad consort joined my blooming youth?  
More than my life I prize my liberty;  
And who assails me here"—

Her inborn trustfulness—

"Hypocrisy I scorn. Such as I am,  
So let the world behold me"—

now becomes arrogance, just as the nature of woman, inclined as it is to follow, to cling, to obey, is brought to do the very reverse, when deprived of the conditions necessary to its free development. It is so here, where a young, fair, richly-gifted princess is deprived of one who ought to be her lord, and sees herself surrounded only by subjects and flatterers. If this necessary environment of princes fills her fiery, penetrating spirit with depreciation of other men, the character of her own son must do so still more. At the outset she despises in him the weakling, the characterless, fluctuating mind, which can hold firmly to nothing, which can neither love nor hate heartily, and which is therefore always untrue. This feeling we gather from her expressions when she takes the Maid captive, and learns of her that she has been banished by the dauphin :

"Banished—because you save him from the abyss;  
Banished ! therein I recognize my son !"

This well-deserved contempt is gradually transformed into intense hate, when this weakling, who is so infinitely surpassed by his mother in understanding, courage, and



vigor, undertakes to be her lord and master—to judge her morals, and to banish her. Then, for the first time, wounded in her inmost soul, with her passionate, choleric temperament, shrinking back from nothing, she curses him :

“Your feeble nature cannot comprehend  
 The vengeance of an outraged mother's heart.  
 Who pleases me, I love ; who wrongs, I hate.  
 If he who wrongs me chance to be my son,  
 All the more worthy is he of my hate.  
 The life I gave, I will again take back  
 From him who doth, with ruthless violence,  
 The bosom rend which bore and nourished him.  
 Ye who do thus make war upon the dauphin,  
 What rightful cause have ye to plunder him ?  
 What crime hath he committed against you ?  
 What insult are you called on to avenge ?  
 Ambition, paltry envy, goad you on ;  
 I have a right to hate him—he's my son.”

After preserving her courage to the latest moment, not giving up, even when all around her have fled, steadfast in her hate, as, under other circumstances, she would have been in her love, she has nothing more to hope for than not to meet, when vanquished, the object of her aversion—

“Every place  
 The same where I encounter not the dauphin”—

and passes from view, filling us, if not with respect, at least with a timid awe of her greatness, and the Titanic wildness and vigor of her nature, and mingling these with amazement and admiration.

There are several portraits of this notable woman in existence, one of which, to be seen in the gallery of Versailles, has been used by the artist as the foundation of his drawing. Although it represents her soon after her marriage, it yet enables us to detect the energy and strong sensuousness which were so marked elements in her character.









## DONNA ISABELLA.

*(The Bride of Messina.)*

ALL art must bear a national stamp ; its works must correspond to the habits, manners, and character of the people from which they spring—must reflect it in its individuality, although ennobled in form and substance, if its full effect is to be attained, and the public welfare be benefited. Beginning with this principle, we may easily understand why “The Bride of Messina,” in spite of the wondrous fineness of its diction, and the extreme dignity and loftiness of its thought, is the one of all Schiller’s pieces which has had the least influence, and least completely domesticated itself in Germany. It is the foreign aspect of the form as well as of the ideas which causes this play to appear as a more or less exotic plant. If, at this time, we wonder at the path which Schiller struck out in “The Bride of Messina,” we ought not to forget that he and Goethe, at their appearance, found in their nation no high culture, no firmly-settled taste, and no répertoire worth the name, if we except a

few pieces of Lessing. They were, consequently, given to experiments, and, as is well known, gradually passed from the imitation of Shakespeare to the Greek tragedy—a course which every scholar takes once, and then returns to the modern form.

The greatest and the most venturesome of the novel-ties which Schiller attempts, in "The Bride of Messina," is the introduction of the moralizing chorus, as a kind of personified public opinion. Still it is not perfectly intelligible to us, although Schiller, by dividing it into two parts, and giving several leaders to them, makes important concessions to modern taste. Schiller, according to his own confession, wanted to transfer the plot of his piece to an ideal time, and give it the simplest form of life, in order that it should be purely human; in this way he believed that he should lift tragedy into a higher sphere, giving it that Greek form which appeared to him the purest and most ideal. But Greek art is the most national of all, and its forms are therefore never perfectly intelligible in a time so different and in a world so different as our own. He was compelled, at the outset, to make concessions to modern feeling, as already said, with respect to the choir, and also to give his characters certain special features which do not belong to all time, but to a certain definite period.

The poet had, unquestionably, in mind the Norman conquerors of Sicily, when he painted the royal family,

whose turbulent passions bring them to so tragic an end. The finger-marks of this are so abundant in the play, that there can be scarcely a doubt of it. Isabella, for example, says to her sons, directly after the first meeting of their retinues :

“What could have been their real interest with you—  
The foreigners, the race that violently claims the soil,  
Driving the ancient lords from their own heritage,  
And claiming precedence before them?”

The artist has, accordingly, adopted the costume of the eleventh century—the flourishing epoch of that Roman-Byzantine style, which, in Sicily, assumed so peculiar a form by the intermingling of marked Saracenic elements, left behind them by the former lords of the land. Schiller, everywhere, lays special emphasis upon these Moorish constituents of Messina, and still more the remains of old heathen ideas; we hear of the gods as much as we do of the Church, and the Mohammedan belief in destiny as well as the Pagan trust in oracles are intermingled with Christian traditions.

Upon this background now appears the imposing figure of Donna Isabella, consecrating her deep grief over her departed, heroic husband. The dark veil of a heavy sorrow only makes more conspicuous in her noble figure the loftiness of soul which she everywhere displays, that grandeur and acuteness of spirit which the chorus paints with the words :

“Yes, there is something great, I must respect it,  
In a potentate’s princely thought,  
And upon human action and dealings  
Looks she with peaceful calmness down.”

This nobleness is the first thing that strikes us, but not less clearly is the instinct for rule displayed ; the preservation of her realm for her race she never loses from sight a moment. Schiller is our only poet who everywhere impresses upon his characters greatness and dignity, and the seal of power. This most difficult of all art-problems he has the skill to solve everywhere, and, in Donna Isabella, we find a recurrence of those qualities which win our astonishment in Wallenstein, Elizabeth of England, Mary Stuart, Philip II., and others. The manner in which the pain-stricken mother makes her sons conscious of their equal deserts, the manner with which she portrays to them the dreadful picture of the necessary results of their feud, shows us not only her greatness, but also that tremendous passionateness to which, one after another, all the members of her house fall as victims. She has her share in misfortune, as that excess of pride teaches us she must have, where, informed about her sons’ love, she cries :

“Oh, happiest mother ! Chief of women !  
In bliss supreme ! can aught of earthly joy  
O’erbalance thine ?”

With wonderful poetic power and sustained strength

the chorus warns against such exaggerated feeling by the uncovered corpse of Don Manuel:

“When clouds athwart the lowering sky  
 Are driven—when bursts of hollow moan  
 The thunder’s peal—our trembling bosoms own  
 The might of awful Destiny!  
 Yet oft the lightning’s glare  
 Darts sudden through the cloudless air;—  
 Then in thy short, delusive day  
 Of bliss, oh! dread the treacherous snare;  
 Nor prize the fleeting goods and vain,  
 The flowers that bloom but to decay!  
 Nor wealth, nor joy, nor aught but pain,  
 Was e’er to mortal’s lot secure;  
 Our first, best lesson—to endure!”

In vain! for by this corpse she at once, in the outbreak of her boundless passion, curses his murderer’s whole race, and even turns her angry cries against Heaven—

“And is it thus  
 Ye keep your word, ye gods? Is this your truth?  
 Alas! for him that trusts with honest heart  
 Your soothing wiles. . . .

Why do we lift  
 Our suppliant hands, and at the sacred shrines  
 Kneel to adore? Good, easy dupes, what win we  
 From faith and pious awe? . . .  
 The book of Nature is a maze, a dream  
 The sage’s art, and every sign a falsehood!”—

and, at the very height of her despair, she still gives utterance to the proud, unbending spirit—the



fundamental cause of the overthrow of the whole  
royal house :

“The gods have done their worst. If they be true  
Or false, 'tis one, for nothing they can add  
To this ; the measure of their rage is full.  
Why should I tremble, that have naught to fear?”





## DON MANUEL.

*(The Bride of Messina.)*

By quoting a few sentences from Schiller's remarkable introduction to "The Bride of Messina," we shall give the reader the best view of the poet's conception of what is the true foundation of all works of art :

"Art has for its object not merely a transient pleasure to excite to a momentary dream of liberty. Its aim is to make us absolutely free ; and this it accomplishes by awakening, exercising, and perfecting in us a power to remove to an objective distance the sensible world, to transform it into the free working of our spirit, and thus acquire a dominion over the material by means of ideas. For the very reason, also, that true art requires something of the objective and real, it is not satisfied with the show of truth. It rears its ideal edifice on truth itself—on the solid and deep foundations of nature."

While the poet makes this demand—that the artist thoroughly idealize nature, "transform it into the free working of his spirit"—in other words, omit all that does not belong to the idea of his work, but supply all that is wanting to make it complete—it is presupposed that, as in the whole, so in each particular character, he

begins with a certain definite conception of nature, and merely beautifies and ennobles it through the medium of a poetic spirit. In "The Bride of Messina," however, he takes a long step beyond this theory, as well as beyond his wont in other plays. This he indicates in the next sentence :

"But how art can be at once altogether ideal, yet, in the strictest sense, real; how it can entirely leave the actual, and yet harmonize with nature, is a problem to the multitude."

In order to solve this problem, he substitutes here for that view of nature—which is exalted into an ideal—an ideal to which merely the forms and the organisms of nature are lent—that is to say, he strikes out an entirely new and untried path; for all his other figures, from Fiesco and Wallenstein to Gustel, are based upon definite originals, while the *dramatis personæ* of "The Bride of Messina" are clearly not. This is most apparent in Beatrice and Don Manuel; and it is a severe task for art to give the latter any individuality of form.

The artist has represented both the brothers as they stand in the presence of their mother—mute and defiant, with their wild retinues behind them. Both are invested with the fire of youth, conjoined with princely dignity :

"*Donna Isabella* [*to Don Cæsar*]. In all the company  
that hems thee in,  
Where is a nobler countenance than thy brother's?



“*[To Don Manuel.]* Who, among these thou call’st  
thy friends,  
Can to thy brother a moment be compared?  
When you but think of his few years,  
His equal will in vain be sought.”

Don Manuel’s mode of thought confirms the mother’s  
portraiture of the two brothers:

“*Don Cæsar [without looking at Don Manuel].*  
Thou art my elder, speak. Without dishonor  
I yield to thee.  
“*Don Manuel.* One gracious word, and instant  
My tongue is rival in the strife of love.  
“*Don Cæsar.* I am the guiltier, weaker.  
“*Don Manuel.* Oh! had I known thy spirit  
thus to peace  
Inclined, what thousand griefs had never torn  
A mother’s heart!  
“*Don Cæsar.* Thou art too proud to meanness,  
I to falsehood.  
“*Don Manuel.* Say not so.  
Who doubts thy noble heart, knows thee not well.  
Thy words were prouder, if thy soul were mean.  
“*Don Cæsar.* We are one forever.”

Love has made reconciliation easy for him; it has  
extinguished the flame of hate. He is not only the  
older but the more steadfast of the two brothers, as  
we see in his words—

“Winged is happiness, and hard to bind;  
Close locked, and set away, must it be guarded.

Silence must be its constant sentinel,  
And quick it flies when tongues do prattle,  
And haste to lift the lid that hides it"—

yet he is not insured against the sudden attack of that overmastering passion to which his whole race is subject. We see this in the history of his love, where he has sudden recourse to force, and abducts the object of his passion before he knows whether it is absolutely necessary. He is always great, open-handed, pomp-loving; he even shows his fine taste in the selection of his bride's toilet! "Fair as a god, and manly as a hero," is the expression applied to him by her he loves; we see in him a proud and princely soul, and give him the whole measure of our admiration when misfortune has led him into that quarrel so long and protracted, that the traces left in his brother's soul are too deep to shut out envy and rage, when the least occasion for them appears—

"The deeds accomplished are too marked  
To ever be forgiven or forgot"—

are the words of the chorus in view of the approach of Fate. They are of a piece with all that grandeur of diction which imparts so great a charm to the whole play, that even, aside from the treatment of the subject, the language itself has a powerful effect upon us. Everywhere we feel ourselves more exalted and blinded by the greatness of the poet's thoughts than by the fatal

spectacle which he places before our eyes. We feel free, because we see ourselves lifted so high above all that is low and mean. We do not understand the workings of destiny, but we believe all the more strongly in Schiller.









## DON CÆSAR.

(*The Bride of Messina.*)

THE object of every work of art is to elevate us, and to give us a sense of freedom; that of tragedy in particular, to move us even to the foundations of our being. If "The Bride of Messina" attains, unquestionably, the first of these ends, we must, in candor, confess that it falls further short of the second than does any other of Schiller's plays. That this is the case must be chiefly ascribed to that false theory of his, adverted to on a foregoing page, according to which the poet detaches himself as much as possible from all local relations, and invests his characters with as few qualities as he can that connect them with us; he places them, so far as art allows him to do so, in an ideal world. If the fate of Mary Stuart, of Thekla, or of Louisa Miller, takes stronger hold of us, and they become dearer to us, it is from the number of individual traits which the poet has ascribed to them, and which he has denied to Isabella and to Beatrice; we know the epoch, the manners, all the environments of the former

far better than we do those of the characters depicted in "The Bride of Messina."

We by no means give our love to what is perfect after its kind—in other words, the ideal—but to the incomplete, the imperfect, the individual. What is perfect puts us at a distance, only the individual is near us, and therefore allied to us, and intelligible.

We may carry this even further. As we take an interest only in what we understand, and cannot comprehend even the finest verses in a foreign tongue, so we love only that which has life. No one ever fell in love with the picture of a lady, notwithstanding the assertions of all the novel-writers. But it is only what has individuality that has life as well, and the secret suspicion that purely ideal figures have no capacity of life, never permits us to feel that interest in them which we have in those which have individuality. If the figures of Raphael, for example, excite our warmest interest, while those of the (perhaps) greater Michael Angelo seem far removed from us, and only fill us with a timid awe, there is no other reason for this than that the former wrought upon a basis of actual observation, while the latter embodied the mere creations of his own imagination.

We take an interest in Don Cæsar, so far as he displays to us individual characteristics; and, at all events, he is to us a more living personage than Don Manuel, because he possesses so much more individuality. The younger, he is, at the same time, the more ardent and

choleric of the two brothers—perhaps the nobler and more magnanimous. He it is, at least, who takes the first step toward a reconciliation; the more proud and fiery, he is, at the same time, the one more easily won, as he shows by his words—

“Dost thou not think more meanly of the brother?”—

and—

“Had I before known thee to be so just,  
Much now accomplished had been left undone.”

Although passionate, like his whole race, he yet hates intrigue with all the straightforwardness and strength of a knightly soul; he punishes the traitor who wants to assassinate Don Manuel for money. His first thought, after gaining over his brother, is to give him the whole love of his heart; and even more vehement than his hate had been is the affection for the newly-won friend—

“More than I can tell

Thy countenance delights me—firmly, I believe,

We yet shall be the closest bound of friends”—

and he wishes to impart to his brother immediately the new hope which has sprung up within his heart. The brother, however, is little inclined to accept the confession:

“Tell me thy heart! Keep to thyself thy secret.”

Only into such a glowing nature as this, open to every impression, can love enter like a flash of lightning, and a single instant be decisive in its influence upon an entire



life; and his previous want of acquaintance with love must make him doubly susceptible. Don Cæsar says very ungallantly, when his mother bids him tell the story of his love:

“Thou know’st

That, heedless ever of the giddy race,  
I looked on beauty’s charms with cold disdain,  
Nor deemed of womankind there lived another  
Like thee—whom my idolatrous fancy decked  
With heavenly graces. . . .

Yet then the beams

Of mighty love—so willed my guiding star—  
First lit my soul—but how it chanced, myself  
I ask in vain. . . .

In my heart,

Though strange, yet with familiarities inwrought  
She seemed, and instant spoke the thought—’tis she,  
Or none that lives!”

The deep tenderness for his mother—a very fine feature in both the brothers, finely invented by the poet as an offset to their mutual hate—is particularly beautiful in Don Cæsar; and scarcely less attractive is the zeal with which, despite his passion for Beatrice, he goes to seek his sister, before he brings his bride to his mother, and thinks only afterward of the need in which his affianced is placed.

That he believes in Beatrice and her love, even without hearing a word from her in confession of it, and even ascribes her disquiet and alarm to the favor which he thinks he enjoys with her, shows us afresh the stormy excitement going on within him, and, as may readily be



conjectured in such characters, when he finds the one he loves in his brother's arms, all the old anger rises in him afresh, and, in the belief that he has been betrayed, drives him to the fatal deed.

All the more effectively does the thunderbolt of truth strike him—the man who, in whatever he does, means to do right—and he flies wildly to the bosom that bore him; even the old demon of jealousy regains its dominion over him, in spite of what has occurred, after he sees that his mother and sister have loved his brother better than himself. It is not his crime that forms his deepest grief, but his brother's possession of the heart of her he loves:

“Weep! I will blend my tears with thine—nay, more,  
I will avenge thy brother; but the lover—  
Weep not for him—thy passionate yearning tears  
My inmost heart. . . .  
I loved thee, as I ne'er had loved before,  
When thou wert strange; and that I bear the curse  
Of brother's blood, 'tis but because I loved thee  
With measureless transport; love, was all my guilt,”

It is the characteristic of great natures that they are not cast down and broken by adverse fates, but pierced and exalted by them; and Don Cæsar does not doubt for a moment that he is guilty of an offence, and that he must make an offering of himself to outraged justice, in order to do away with the curse which rests upon his house. This heroic character gives him the energy not only to resist his mother's entreaties—

“Yes! in death are quenched  
The fires of rage, and Hatred owns, subdued,  
The mighty reconciler. Then to the tomb  
Stay not my passage; oh! forbid me not  
Thus with atoning sacrifice to quell  
The curse of Heaven. We pluck  
The arrow from the wound—but the torn heart  
Shall ne’er be healed. Let him who can, drag on  
A weary life of penance and of pain,  
To cleanse the spot of everlasting guilt;  
I would not live the victim of despair”—

but even, at last, to overcome steadfastly the petitions  
of his dearly-loved sister, the bright flame of love only  
gives him the power needed for the execution of what  
he purposes :

“I will not rob thee, brother!  
The sacrifice is thine:—Hark! for the tomb,  
Mightier than mother’s tears or sister’s love,  
Thy voice resistless cries; my arms enfold  
A treasure, potent with celestial joys,  
To deck this earthly sphere, and make a lot  
Worthy the gods! but I shall live in bliss,  
While in the tomb thy sainted innocence  
Sleeps unavenged!”





## BEATRICE.

*(The Bride of Messina.)*

THAT Schiller's poetic instinct always was a truer guide to him than his theoretical reasoning, has already been remarked in our comments on his portrait. "The Bride of Messina" is perhaps the strongest proof of this, as in this play the poet believed that he had reached the highest point ever attained by him. Clinging as closely as possible to the Greek form, he endeavored to embody the Hellenic view of Fate—that which consigns man to destruction without his own fault—a view which is opposed to all our ideas of poetic and divine justice. The result was, that he pleased the public best when he followed his own genius most and his theory least; whereas, with artists, it was just the reverse, and his influence with them was unfortunate. It was Schiller's brilliant example which led such men as Müllner, Werner, and others to write their "Dramas of Fate." Of this fatalistic theory of predestination, which is exhibited in "The Bride of Messina," there has been a dreadful misuse made, and confusion has entered into all our



modern conceptions which have their foundation merely in the free self-determination of man—a foundation which appeared to be discernible on a superficial glance at the unfolding of destiny in the princely family of Messina. Fatalism is indeed the chief element of the Greek tragedy; but, in Schiller's play, it has been by no means retained in all its rigid logic; as the destiny of men is, in the main, the result of the collision of freedom and necessity, so that of the hostile brothers, as well as of their unhappy mother, springs largely from their immoderation, and the boundless passionateness of their characters; external occasions merely give the stroke that sets free what has been working within, and what would sooner or later force its way. Fate does nothing more, primarily, than what the chorus hints at in its words:

“Yes, it has not well begun,  
Trust me, and it ends not well;  
No crooked paths to Virtue lead;  
Ill fruit has ever sprung from evil seed!

The source of that misconception which has entirely led Schiller's imitators astray is to be found, primarily, in the character of Beatrice, whose happiness is wrecked in the most fearful manner, in conformity to the biblical saying, that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the tenth generation. This sin consists not only in the abduction of Isabella—the curse-laden source of all subsequent misfortune—but also in the heartlessness with which the father sacrifices his own child to

a dark superstition. Almost as great is the hardness of her who began by deceiving her husband, and who, for a long succession of years, has nothing to do with her child, and even forgets her in three months after the husband's death. Although this is the harbinger of Fate, the poet has taken good care to show, in Beatrice, despite the slightness of her individuality, the true daughter of her mother, in making her guilty of a double disobedience—in allowing herself to be taken from the convent, and thus prevented by the blindness of her passion from recognizing her mother; and in contravening the command of her mother and her lover that she should not be present at her father's funeral. The tragic element of the piece lies in the immoderate severity of her punishment, the loss of her lover, brought about by the inevitable workings of circumstances.

This tragical impression is heightened by the lofty spirit which Schiller has given to Beatrice. Though he has given her but a single scene in which to express her inner nature, yet his delicate pencil-strokes enable us to catch her character in some measure. The artist has taken her in those scenes where, awaiting her lover, she speaks out her consciousness of wrong-doing—

“Forgot my childhood's ties,  
I listened to the lover's flattering tale—  
Listened and trusted! From the sacred dome  
Allured—betrayed—for sure some hell-born magic  
Enchained my frenzied sense—I fled with him,  
The invader of Religion's dread abodes!”—

and, in the most touching manner, she assigns the cause—

“And should I not surrender to the man  
Who, of all men, clung close to me alone?  
For all exposed was I to life's grave perils,  
And e'en a child, had fortune torn me  
(I dare not lift the dark, mysterious veil)  
From the embrace and bosom of my mother.”

She then excuses herself, in thought, to her mother :

“Forgive, thou lordly one, who bore me,  
That I, seizing with undue haste the tragic hours,  
Have brought my fate upon me with my own hands.  
Not freely have I chosen it; it has found me out.”

The whole glow of Southern passion breaks out in her when she says—

“I know them not, and I shall never know them,  
Who call themselves the authors of my being,  
If they shall separate me from thee, my love.  
An everlasting riddle to myself I'll live;  
I know enough : I live for thee !”—

and, for this new offence, her destiny makes her its victim immediately after Don Cæsar's appearance.

The hot blood of the race is seen also at the corpse of Don Manuel, where Beatrice, awaking from her swoon, accuses her mother for preserving her :

“Oh, mother, mother! wherefore hast thou  
Saved me? Why did not you load me  
With the curse which followed me ere I breathed?”

For my destruction, thine—yes, for us all  
Hast thou withheld from the gods of the dead  
The prey they demand!”

Here we see that same singular mixture of Christian and heathen ideas, which runs through the whole piece, and often perplexes our whole moral feeling, despite the wonderful splendor of the diction. This often has an almost intoxicating effect upon the reader, and causes us to cease to wonder that Schiller should think this the greatest of his works. This mastership of art, indispensable as it is to a classic work, and prominent as it is in this play, is not sufficient to put such a work as this in the highest rank ; and, with respect to “The Bride of Messina,” we must confess that, in other pieces, Schiller has come closer to the heart of the nation, and worked with more effective power, or German culture and German thought, despite the wondrous beauty of form which he has given to the play now under consideration.









WILLIAM TELL.

(*William Tell.*)

THE right of a free man, as well as of a whole people, not only to resist tyrannical oppression, but to battle even to the last, has never, perhaps, found so brilliant a defence as in Tell. Few as are the traces of the times in which he lived, upon the other works of Schiller, here they are unmistakable. Could the pressure of foreign dominion, which rested then so heavily upon Germany, have been without influence upon the thoughts developed in Tell? If, in Wallenstein, the hero and his command of men are unmistakably connected with the rising star of Napoleon, in Tell this relation to the circumstances of the time appears still more prominently. These noble words—

“No, there are limits to the power of tyrants.  
When the oppressed has no more claims for right,  
And insupportable grows the load, he then  
With fearless confidence raises his hands to Heaven,  
And brings from thence his eternal rights.  
A last resort, when others fail,  
The sword remains”—

have become the watch-word of all those who have manly courage enough not to permit themselves and their rights to be trodden under foot; they contain the complete defence which mere force must appeal to, when all peaceful means are exhausted, and it must rely on itself alone; nay, they show that this is the only course that man can take.

Tell, in whom Switzerland's immortal love of liberty has found a worthy personification, is taken by the poet to be the centre of his drama, to show us the whole course over which a brave and religious people passes, step by step, in resisting the hand of tyranny, till at last it is driven to extreme measures. The picture is not a generalization, but a study of details.

Tell is a hero, but he is a peasant. He shows himself to be thoroughly a man of action, not of thought; like all heroes, he acts, not from reflection, but from a free nature; he is all of one piece. It is the physical courage, the Hercules nature, the nerves of steel united with a manly joy in self-sacrifice and danger, which stamp him as belonging to the circle of heroes. It is thus that he is introduced to us; it is thus that every one recognizes him, and unconditionally trusts his skill.

"Far better men than I would not ape Tell,  
There does not live his fellow 'mong the mountains,

says Ruodi of him, after he has saved Baumgarten. This feeling of power, that marks him everywhere,

makes him disinclined to take counsel, and join alliances; "the strong man is mightiest alone," he says, with entire correctness; "a true bowman helps himself," and, further on, trusting his instinct—

"I was not born to ponder and select,  
But when your course of action is resolved,  
Then call on Tell, you shall not find him fail"—

for whoever thinks too much, does little.

Such consciousness of power, united with little inclination to reflect, is not conceivable without that joy in battle which Tell thus expresses—

"I only feel the flush and joy of life,  
In starting some fresh quarry every day"—

and so he says to Gessler:

"Were I a man of thought, I were not called the Tell."

Another sure mark of such a nature as his, is the readiness to answer every summons. Gessler is therefore perfectly correct in his judgment, when, in order to drive Tell to the last extremity, he turns him to scorn—

"To hit the bull's eye in the target, that  
Can many another do as well as thou.  
But he, methinks, is master of his craft,  
Who can at all times on his skill rely,  
Nor lets his heart disturb nor eye nor hand.  
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.  
Thy talent's universal, nothing daunts thee,



Thou canst direct the rudder like the bow ;  
Storms fright not thee when there's a life at stake.  
Now, savior, help thyself"—

and his own son is no less discerning when he says to his father :

" Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer.  
He doubts thy skill, he thinks to ruin us.  
Shoot, then, and hit, though but to spite the tyrant."

Equally shrewd in her judgment is his wife, when she says of the deed :

" Oh, ruthless heart of man ! Offend his pride,  
And reason in his breast forsakes her seat.  
In his blind wrath he'll stake upon a cast  
A child's existence and a mother's heart."

Deeply as she loves him, she feels this keenly. Cowards fear before peril comes—brave men afterward ; Tell sinks, convulsed, only after he has shot. This nature, so little inclined to long speeches and soaring plans, still holds one thought, to which it has been driven, all the more fast. His determination to take Gessler's life is all the more irrevocable, and even the boat-scene, where a character more tamable would probably have reckoned upon the favor of his opponent, does not change his determination. The soliloquy, in which he tries to justify his action, while lying in wait in the empty street, has often been criticised, and yet, taken apart from its rhetorical adornment, it contains merely the motives that influence the soul of a brave, desper-

ate man, thoroughly aroused, fearing new disaster, and identifying himself personally with the whole contest. He feels that his adversary, having brought him by physical and moral compulsion to a place where he might have murdered his own son, has made a recourse to violence inevitable, for

“My children dear, my loved and faithful wife,  
Must be protected, tyrant, from thy fury.  
When last I drew my bow with trembling hand,  
And thou, with murderous hand, a father forced  
To level at his child, when, all in vain,  
Writhing before thee, I implored thy mercy,  
Then, in the agony of my soul, I vowed  
A fearful oath, which met God’s ear alone,  
That when my bow next winged an arrow’s flight,  
Its aim should be thy heart!”

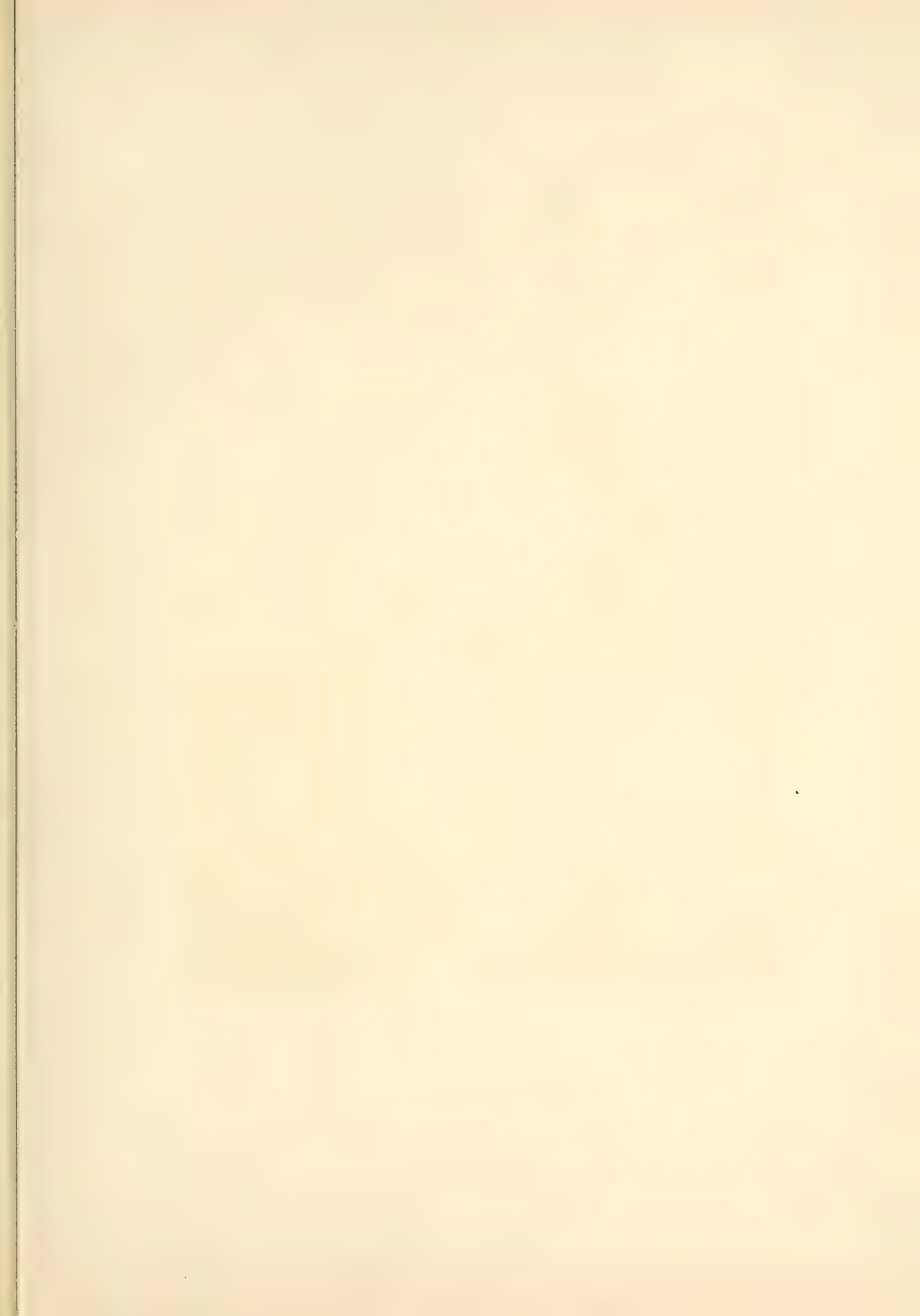
Tell is too thoroughly a hero to allow any thought of flight or concealment to stand in the way of the contest in which he means to avenge himself. He remains true to this as to a stern necessity, when he addresses the parricide :

“And dar’st thou thus confound  
Ambition’s bloody crime with the dread act  
To which a father’s direful need impelled him?  
Hadst thou to shield thy children’s darling heads,  
To guard thy fireside’s sanctuary? . . .  
I have no part with thee, thou art a murderer.  
I’ve shielded all that was most dear to me.”

If we want to pass a correct judgment upon Tell’s deed, we must remember the time in which it occurred, when

violence ruled, and force was met by force ; the personal motives which are so prominent in his death, are seen, in view of such circumstances, to be sufficient to explain the act, and with righteous pride he says :

“ This hand  
Has shielded you, and set my country free.  
Freely I raise it in the face of Heaven.”







## HEDWIG, TELL'S WIFE.

*(William Tell.)*

WITHOUT doubt, "Tell" is that one of Schiller's plays which contends with "Wallenstein" for the first place; although inferior in compactness to it, "Wallenstein" did not work so powerfully upon Schiller's contemporaries as this, his glorious swan-song. For this, it is in no slight measure indebted to the wondrous truthfulness of the local coloring which he has given to his picture, and which lends it a charm all the more peculiar and admirable, in the fact that, as is well known, Schiller never was in Switzerland, and knew neither the country nor the people from personal observation. But not only is the scenery depicted with unsurpassed fidelity, but the whole mode of thought and feeling of that pious, powerful, and self-reliant mountain-people is drawn with remarkable security of hand; and Schiller has succeeded in uniting this happy coloring with such splendor of diction, that many passages of the play please us like a strain from Homer. There strikes us,

indeed, the further similarity between these two great poets, that the material of the "Tell," no less than that of Homer's verses, lay ready at hand, capable of being transformed into the most genuine of all poesy—that of the people—and nothing remained but to give it the artistic form. We may therefore put the "Tell" by the side of the "Niebelungen" and "Faust," and regard it as the third of our great national poems.

In this naturalness of coloring and bearing, the most admirably drawn of all the characters is Hedwig, Tell's wife, who claims our attention only in three short scenes, and yet displays the whole mode of thought of a peasant-woman. Loftier ideas—those directed to what is universal, those entertained by the more heroic, resolute, and accomplished wife of Stauffacher—are remote from her; her world is wholly in her own house, in her husband and children. For these she has a love which is all the more touching that, as in so many other gentle, womanly creations, it is most prompt to express itself in a lasting fear about those for whom she lives; an attempt to conceal her tenderness, whose inartificial and naive expression deeply moves us when Tell says to her that Nature never made him for a herdsman, and she, thinking of his skill as a huntsman, breaks out :

"Heedless the while of all your wife's alarms,  
As she sits watching, through long hours, at home :  
For my soul sinks with terror at the tales  
The servants tell about your wild adventures.

Whene'er we part, my trembling heart forebodes  
That you will ne'er come back to me again."

If, therefore, the artist has represented her in the attitude of waiting for her husband, and thinking of him, he has done so because thus the passivity and deep feeling of her character are most distinctly expressed. To the coarse and powerful form of the housewife, undertaking all kinds of work, and active from morning to night, he has had to unite a childlike and thoughtful expression, gentleness, and a depth of feeling capable of rising to the highest passion for her dear husband and her loved children. She appears, perhaps, most lovely when, in perpetual anxiety about him, she fails to understand his courageous daring in behalf of others who are nothing to him; and yet there is a pride in him that appears in every word as she reproaches him :

"Wherever danger is will you be placed;  
On you, as ever, will the burden fall.  
. . . . .  
You took, ay, 'mid the thickest of the storm,  
The men of Unterwald across the lake.  
'Tis a marvel you escaped. Had you no thought  
Of wife and children then? . . . .  
To brave the lake, in all its wrath, was not  
To put your trust in God—'twas tempting Him.  
. . . . .  
Yes, you've a kind and helping hand for all,  
But be in straits, and who will lend you aid?"

Is that not said like a genuine housewife? To a woman's nature, every thing that is general becomes

comprehensible only when it is invested with personality; it is love that makes her understand what self-sacrifice is, and she sees it only in her own husband, while those who are with him seem selfish and mean. If fear does not comprehend the joy there is in danger, it has all the sharper eyes for impending peril. With what acumen she infers the wrath of the governor, when Tell relates to her how Gessler had met him in the mountains, and feared him:

“He trembled, then, before you? Woe the while!

You saw his weakness. That he'll ne'er forgive.”

Entirely like a woman is it, also, that she allows herself to criticise the husband whom she loves, and blame his acts—

“And he could wing an arrow at his child?

Oh! if he had a father's heart, he would  
Have sooner perished by a thousand deaths.

Were I to live for centuries, I still  
Should see my boy tied up, his father's mark,  
And still the shaft would quiver in my heart”—

and yet, as soon as any one else accuses her of a want of feeling for him, she replies to Baumgarten and the others with annihilating scorn:

“Hast thou tears only for thy friend's distress?

Say, where were you when he—my noble Tell—

Was bound in chains? Where was your friendship then?

. . . Did ever Tell

Act thus to you?”

She now comes, for the first time, to a consciousness of her loss and grief. Passion makes her eloquent, and sharpens even her glance; and she, who had just found fault with him, now shows at once that she is perfectly aware what she and they all had lost in him:

“Without him,  
What have you power to do? While Tell was free,  
There still indeed was hope. Weak innocence  
Had still a friend, and the oppressed a stay.  
Tell saved you all—you cannot, all combined,  
Release him from his cruel prison-bonds.”

But long, painful days must yet go by before the chains are loosened. The news of his deed fills her with shuddering fear, gradually to be converted into hope and joy, when she sees that it is the signal for the freeing of the whole land, and that he, whom she believed would be hunted down like a murderer, is now to return as the savior of his country. What thrilling emotions must pass through her breast! How beautifully is this return pictured, when the wife, carried away alike by grief and joy, announces their father to the children—

“Boys, dearest boys, your father comes to-day!  
He lives, is free, and we and all are free!  
The country owes its liberty to him”—

and then, turning to Walter, who claims his share of glory, she says:

“Yes, yes, thou art restored to me again.  
Twice have I given thee birth, twice suffered all  
33



A mother's agonies for thee, my child.  
But this is past. I have you both, boys, both,  
And your dear father will be back to-day"—

and then, when she hears the step of her loved husband, her voice fails her, her knees tremble; in her agitation she must cling to the door, in her rapture she can only fall weeping into his arms!

Who, at the delineation of this beautiful and genuinely human scene, does not feel how much closer and more blissful the bond that binds those who are happily united in marriage, than that which connects mere lovers?





## TELL'S SON.

(*William Tell.*)

WE have already spoken of the "Tell" as the immortal song of freedom, the fairest and most perfect bequest that the departing genius left to his nation. The immense influence which it has exerted can be best measured by the manner in which the nation received it, and entered into the possession of this heritage of its most eminent son. The reply may be found in the colossal struggle against foreign dominion, and in the shaking off of those shameful chains in which it had been bound through its leaders' fault or its own weakness. No other poet of the world has, probably, ever been able to glory in an influence upon his people so direct and so immense as Schiller. He shows us, as does no other, that it is the prerogative of powerful natures to form the mode of thought and even the character of their nation, and so to work effectively upon their history. What German is not filled with a just pride in the poet as well as in the people that bore him, when he looks at Germany as Schiller found it, and then regards

the year 1813 as the echo of the strains of our great bard, the fairest monument that we could raise to him?

So all-pervading, in this drama, is the manly spirit of freedom, of courage, of opposition to arbitrary power, that it speaks out everywhere; even in the boy Walter there breathes the reckless courage of a lion-like race. The first instruction that we hear the father give his boy—"a true bowman helps himself"—is certainly not adapted to rear an effeminate child; and as little the words—

"But they shall learn it, wife, in all its points,  
Whoe'er would carve an independent way  
Through life, must learn to ward or plant a blow."

Courage is, in great measure, a result of education, and Tell, as we see, knows how to increase it; but it must also, to a great extent, like a taste for freedom and independence, be born within a man. With Walter we see both, for the first question which he puts, after the enlargement of his geographical knowledge imparted by his father, respecting the advantages of the lowlands and their inhabitants, is:

"Live they not free,  
As you do, on the land their fathers left them?"

And when that is answered in the negative, he does not hesitate in his choice:

"I should want breathing-room in such a land;  
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanches."

Still more prompt is the youth in the thought of resist-



ance ; when his father is arrested, he does not content himself with complaining, but cries :

“ This way, you men ;  
Good people, help, they're dragging him to prison ! ”

Defiance of danger is his strongest feeling ; even when he sees every one around him trembling, he says—

“ Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man,  
Say, where am I to stand ? I do not fear ”—

above every thing, he will not be bound :

“ Bind me ?  
No, I will not be bound, I will be still,  
Still as a lamb, nor even draw my breath.  
But if you bind me I cannot be still,  
Then I shall writhe and struggle with my hands. ”

Just as little will he allow his eyes to be bound ; the little heart is strong as steel, and it transports us to hear him say :

“ Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer.  
He doubts thy skill, he thinks to ruin us.  
Shoot, then, and hit, though but to spite the tyrant. ”

That he has not a trace of fear he shows us afterward, when alarm for his dear child completely unmans the father, and the boy calls out triumphantly :

“ Here is the apple, father. Well I knew  
You would not harm your boy. ”

It is natural that the artist should represent the lad at

this moment, and give us the little blond, radiant fellow, in whom good-nature and unbounded daring contend so amiably for precedence.

The never-ending struggles with Nature, in which the inhabitant of mountain-lands almost always finds himself, tend, very early in a man's life, to develop those qualities which qualify him to battle with other men: cool-blooded courage, presence of mind, and a proud, unbending reliance on his own courage in readiness at every moment of his life; whether he climbs the steep Alm as a shepherd, or descends as a hunter among the rocks and abysses of the mountain, amid the floods of the summer, or the thunders of the avalanche, or the roaring of winter storms, he is always in sight of danger. In these scenes there are developed not only a love of freedom and independence, but also that quickness of glance, and that keen intelligence which are common to all who dwell among mountains, and whose early traces in our Walter form so lively a picture. The little republican quickly becomes proudly conscious of his deed; and when his mother says—"The country owes its liberty to him," he instantly claims his share of Tell's glory:

"And I, too, mother, bore my part in it.

I shall be named with him. My father's shaft

Went closely by my life, and yet I shook not."

Certainly the picture of the brave-hearted little fellow, as Schiller has drawn him, with his freshness and

genuineness, is so natural a product of his rough and yet poetic home, that through the portraiture there breathes that same invigorating Alpine air which the poet has, in so masterly a manner, poured out over the whole drama. This marked local coloring that every thing in the "Tell" bears, which invests not only nature with splendor, but animates the men as well who live amid these colossal scenes, and which unites the two—man and nature—by so close and so powerful a bond that they cannot be separated one from another, is the chief charm of the piece; and in it Schiller displays a capacity of realistic delineation which far surpasses, in poetic worth, the idealizing pathos of earlier plays. The power by which he is often here enabled to sketch the whole scene by a few touches, and stimulate our fancy to fill it out, is so remarkable, that German literature has scarcely any thing to put by its side in respect of its pictures of nature, and few characters of greater freshness and amiability than that of our Walter.









## ARNOLD VON MELCHTHAL.

(*William Tell.*)

IF in Tell the whole Swiss population of that epoch has its representative, and shows in him how manfully and ably, and under the stress of how great necessity, it pressed on to its goal, struggling for something which it recognized but did not completely understand, in Arnold we have the representative of newer times and later views: what appears unconscious and in its germ in all others of republican tendencies and burgher spirit, in him comes into complete and ready consciousness. He is the most striking representative of the future—of that great democratic movement which almost contemporaneously was passing through all German minds, and which culminated in most of the imperial cities with the downfall of patrician rule.

The hot-blooded youth is the quickest of all—ready with decision and action; he is the real soul of the attack—an Achilles in peasant's clothing. His prompt readiness breaks out everywhere, whether he shows us

how he has been carried away by his exasperation, and paints to us, in relating the occasion of his flight, the pitiable condition of the whole people beneath the yoke of tyranny, and his own boiling anger—

“Was I to brook the fellow’s saucy words,  
That if the peasant must have bread to eat,  
Why, let him go and draw the plough himself? . . .  
On this I could contain myself no longer,  
And, overcome by passion, struck him down”—

and then, further on, speaks of his father—

“I’m only sorry for my father’s sake,  
To be away from him that needs so much  
My fostering care. The governor detests him,  
Because he hath, whene’er occasion served,  
Stood stoutly up for right and liberty”—

or when he replies to his old friend’s warning, that the tyrants are reaching out their hands to him :

“They teach us Switzers what we ought to do.”

At once, after hearing of his father’s misfortune, he breaks out :

“Are we defenceless? Wherefore did we learn  
To bend the cross-bow, wield the battle-axe?  
What living creature but, in its despair,  
Finds for itself a weapon of defence?”

In like manner he flames up when Tell is captured

“This is too bad. Shall we stand by and see them  
Drag him away before our very eyes?”

In one word, with him a quick deed follows a quick thought.

That he has not only a noble and grand nature, but is also a born party leader, is shown us in the manner in which his special misfortune leads him to measures which are general in their character. He does not find the means of contenting his revenge in any personal satisfaction, in taking the life of a single man as Tell does; he will have nothing less than the overthrow of the entire system of tyranny, and such a culmination he has in mind when he raises his hand to Heaven, and swears:

“Alas! my old, blind father!

Thou canst no more behold the day of freedom,

But thou shalt hear it.”

The artist has caught him at this instant, and represented him, not alone as the young hero, but as the peasant, for Melchthal is both of these. He, the representative of the plebeian element, is the counterpart to Rudenz, and he it is who first breaks with the old times. This he shows most clearly where Walter Fürst wishes to hear the counsels of those who have hitherto taken the lead—the noblemen of the land—to know what they will say respecting the compact that is to restore freedom to the land:

“First let us learn what steps the noble lords

Of Sillinen and Attinghaus propose.”

He answers at once, and vehemently:



“What need of nobles? Let us do the work  
Ourselves. Although we stood alone, methinks  
We should be able to maintain our rights.”

Rudenz, who, likewise young, understands youth best, in sympathy with the democratic tendency, says correctly of it:

“It fits their humor well to take their seats  
Amid the nobles on the herren-bank.  
They’ll have the Cæsar for their lord, forsooth—  
That is to say, they’ll have no lord at all.”

The goal to which their views must certainly come is no other than that of complete independence, whereas the older men, at farthest, go to no greater lengths than Attinghausen, who defends half-way measures, and has in mind nothing higher than the idea of communal or provincial liberty. Melchthal is entirely opposed to these conservatives in his views about the future, although he is in entire concord with them respecting the measures to be immediately taken; therefore, when Stauffacher says—

“And this alone should be the free man’s duty,  
To guard the empire that keeps guard for him”—

Melchthal replies at once:

“He’s but a slave that would acknowledge more.”

The trained politician, Attinghausen, discerns, at the outset, the tendency of which Melchthal is the youthful representative, and prophesies in sure presentiment:



"And have the peasantry dared such a deed  
 On their own charge, without the nobles' aid—  
 Relied so much on their own proper strength?  
 Nay, then, indeed, they want our help no more,  
 We may go down to death cheered by the thought  
 That after us the majesty of man  
 Will live, and be maintained by other hands. . . .  
 The old is crumbling down—the times are changing—  
 And from the ruins blooms a fairer life."

Most emphatic of all are Arnold's words, where he jealously glances from the leaders of the alliance to the nobility, and says to Rudenz—

"Take my hand,  
 A peasant's hand, and with it, noble sir,  
 The gage and the assurance of a man!  
 Without us, sir, what would the nobles be?  
 Our order is more ancient, too, than yours!"—

and so, when he relates what occurred at the taking of Sarnen Castle:

"Had he been nothing but our baron, then  
 We should have been most chary of our lives;  
 But he was our confederate, and Bertha  
 Honored the people."

Genuinely republican is he at the end, when he calls out, in tones of triumph:

"Thus, now, my friends, with light and merry hearts,  
 We stand upon the wreck of tyranny;  
 And gallantly have we fulfilled the oath  
 Which we at Rootli swore, confederates!

"*Walter Fürst.* The work is but begun. We  
must be firm.

For be assured, the king will make all speed  
To avenge his viceroy's death, and reinstate  
By force of arms the tyrant we've expelled.

"*Melchthal.* Why, let him come with all his  
armaments!

The foe within has fled before our arms;  
We'll give him welcome, warmly, from without!"—

and gives ready utterance to thought of unconditional  
freedom.





## BERTHA VON BRUNECK.

(*William Tell.*)

THE fresh, powerful character of the rich heiress, whose love-episode with Rudenz has been frequently attacked by critics, appears to us, nevertheless, not to be so superfluous as some have insisted that it is. If Rudenz appears entirely indispensable to the play, as the representative of that part of the nobility which, blended with the splendor of bearing rule, had succumbed to a foreign yoke, it is, unhappily, an only too true trait which has appeared at all times, especially with the Germans, and which, even in the time when Schiller wrote, was only too prominent in the Westphalian court and elsewhere. When Rudenz says to Attinghausen, "I am a stranger only in this house," and his uncle replies, skilfully portraying the entire worthlessness of the grounds which drive him to such a condition—

"Alas! thou art indeed! Alas! that home  
To thee has grown so strange! Oh, lily, lily,  
I scarce do know thee now, thus decked in silks,  
The peacock's feather flaunting in thy cap,





nobility even then was by no means poor, replied, like Attinghausen, to the deserters :

“No, if our blood must flow, let it be shed  
In our own cause. We purchase liberty  
More cheaply far than bondage. . . .  
Cling to the land, the dear land of thy sires,  
Grapple to that with thy whole heart and soul ;  
Thy power is rooted deep and strongly here.”

The youth, both of whose tendencies we see represented in Rudenz and Melchthal, must, in ushering in the new epoch, pass through their own special course of culture. Rudenz is brought to a happy issue by the sound and genuine nature of the lady who had knit her destinies to his, who shows the Swiss girl in every feature, although she does not belong particularly to the forest towns. Her bold heart beats with woman's loyalty to the home she loves ; and what the reasons of the uncle cannot effect, her wrathful gentleness easily accomplishes, for no man, who has a spark of honor, can stand beshamed in the presence of her he loves. He can, however, be led astray by false premises and untrue systems, whereas woman always remains true to the great demands of nature, always returns readily to them. When, therefore, she confronts her misguided lover with the annihilating power of truth, and holds up to him the simple dilemma—

“And dare you speak to me of love, of truth—  
You, that are faithless to your nearest ties? . . .

Think you to find me in the traitors' ranks?  
 Now, as I live, I'd rather give my hand  
 To Gessler's self, all despot though he be,  
 Than to the Switzer who forgets his birth,  
 And stoops to be the minion of a tyrant! . . .  
 What dearer duty to a noble soul  
 Than to protect weak, suffering innocence,  
 And vindicate the rights of the oppressed? . . .  
 But you whom Nature and your knightly vow  
 Have given them as their natural protector,  
 Yet who desert them, and abet their foes  
 In forging shackles for your native land,  
 You, you it is that deeply wound and grieve me"—

her logic is of that kind that a youthful spirit can scarcely resist. The straightforward, noble nature of the girl tears to pieces, as it were a spider's web, the trivial reasons which he gives to her, when he replies, as so many in the time of Napoleon did:

"Is not my country's welfare all my wish?  
 What seek I for her but to purchase peace  
 'Neath Austria's potent sceptre?"

Bertha is a genuine, fresh Alpine rose. She does not plume herself with the confession of the love she bears; she throws it boldly into the scale, in order to secure her lover to the righteous cause:

"*Rudenz.* Bertha, you hate me, you despise me.  
 "*Bertha.* Nay,  
 And if I did, 'twere better for my peace.  
 But to see him despised and despicable,  
 The man whom one might love!"

And that she really loves him is proved by the impatience with which she bears the necessity of scorning him. But nothing works more powerfully upon us than when any one speaks out his good opinion of our character, and expresses a belief that we can do nothing wrong. Seldom are we able to abstain from an attempt to justify so good an opinion. When, therefore, Bertha says, further—

“No, no, the noble is not all extinct  
Within you; it but slumbers, I will rouse it”—

her victory is already won; for what lover could shun an opportunity to show her he loves that he is noble?

A woman, bold by nature, becomes fond of command, and takes a part in the duties of man only when she sees that he is failing in his duty, and becoming weak; she returns at once and all the more gladly to her sphere, so soon as he returns to duty, and shows courage and decision. Then she appears only as the loving wife, careful for her husband's welfare. And so, if in the first scene we have Bertha overmastering Rudenz with her proud scorn, if she appears not only as the resolute, rough German girl, but also as a member of the secret opposition, she lets it all drop when her lover, returning to his duty, fearlessly confronts Gessler with the words:

“I have been dumb  
To all the oppressions I was doomed to see. . . .  
But to be silent longer were to be  
A traitor to my king and country both. . . .

I madly thought  
That I should best advance the general weal,  
By adding sinews to the emperor's power.  
The scales have fallen from mine eyes."

She now thinks only of him, and seeks to hold him back; the hero-maiden disappears, yielding before the loving woman, who, at last, finds her true home in the heart of the lover whom she herself has restored to his people.







## GESSELER.

(*William Tell.*)

NOTHING is better adapted to awaken the sense of justice, native to every man, than when they, whose duty it is to administer justice, convert it into its opposite, and turn the sway, in whose name right and law are administered, from a blessing into a curse, and shatter them. For all rule is given that justice may be kept sacred. The instant when it denies this first principle, it irrevocably brings into question its own right to be. The most divine law ceases to be so when an administrator of it demeans himself in such a way as to satirize his own office.

But if a nature, arbitrary at the foundation, succeeds in gaining the power to administer law and justice, and takes advantage of their shelter in order to promote its own whims and lusts, it grows, step by step, more grasping and overbearing, and will inevitably bring things into extremities on one side or another.

The portrait of such an arbitrary and tyrannical

representative of supreme power is presented in Gessler with such consummate skill as to make an impression so deep that his name has become a proverb for despotism. True to his general method of making what is human neither devilish nor divine, but simply subject to counter-motives, the poet has painted this crafty and malicious character in a manner which makes him at least intelligible to us.

Deceiving himself and others, he seeks to justify his native inclination to cruelty and hardness by political motives—by that state-craft that has always been used as a mantle to cover every thing base, and an appeal to which allows him the pleasure of exercising a certain measure of political activity, and of winning some applause. He discovers, also, a means of giving his cruelty a fair look ; it is the old doctrine of all tyrants, constantly emerging into view, that the end sanctifies the means, when Gessler says to Harras :

“ Say what you please. I am the emperor’s servant,  
And my first care must be to do his pleasure.  
He did not send me here to fawn and cringe,  
And coax these boors into good-humor. No—  
Obedience he must have. We soon shall see  
If king or peasant is to lord it here.”

And when Harras reminds him of the rights of the people, in the true spirit of a despot he answers :

“ ’Twas not in sport that I set up the cap  
In Altdorf, or to try the people’s hearts.



All this I knew before. I set it up  
That they might learn to bend those stubborn necks  
They carry far too proudly. And I placed,  
What well I knew their eyes could never brook,  
Full in the road which they perforce must pass,  
That when their eye fell on it they might call  
That lord to mind whom they too much forget."

Armgarth thus reminds him of his duty :

"Justice, my lord—ay, justice! Thou art judge,  
The deputy of the emperor, of Heaven.  
Then do thy duty : as thou hopest for justice  
From Him who rules above, show it to us"—

and Gessler answers entirely in character :

"Hence! Drive this daring rabble from my sight."

The governor cries out about impudence, as all do  
who conceal their own worthlessness behind the majesty  
of authority, and concludes by saying, as tyrants have  
done in all ages :

"Too mild a ruler am I to this people;  
Their tongues are all too bold, nor have they yet  
Been tamed to due submission as they shall be :  
I must take order for the remedy.  
I will subdue this stubborn mood of theirs,  
And crush the soul of liberty within them."

This doctrine of unconditional obedience, of impudence  
on the part of the oppressed, and of too great mildness  
on the part of the oppressor, has it not always been  
the dialectic of despotism? We shall hardly err if we



conceive that the governor is a man who, long living in a subordinate position, has succeeded in elevating himself above the shoulders of other men, and revenges himself threefold upon them for the treatment which he has received. Our feelings are never wounded without we seek to gain satisfaction, as we often see in the case of subalterns, and even of soldiers; nor can there be a wound left in the spirit whose poison does not gradually extend, and fill the system. This psychological development in the soul of the tyrant is all the more correctly portrayed in the fact that, after he has been driven by a bad conscience to tremble before Tell—what no man could forgive to him who caused his fear, least of all a blood-loving tyrant—a way is opened to that unheard-of cruelty with which he afterward treats Tell, in order to compensate himself for his previous fear.

Specially peculiar, and in the genuine spirit of the Middle Ages, is the touch of humor in Gessler; he feels himself comfortably situated, and inclined to jest in his rôle of tyrant—a sure proof that he is acting out his nature, and not something which has been superinduced. The goal which he places before Tell corresponds more or less to the wild and rough, yet adventurous character of the time; it indicates the scorn with which the aristocrat was accustomed to look down upon the plebeian. The despotic instinct is also well defined, where Gessler disputes the ancient privilege of the people to carry arms:

"The proud right which the poor hind assumes  
Offends the country's highest lord ;  
No one should arm himself but he that rules."

The tyrant's arrogance is naturally increased by the antagonism of a few fearless natures, who generally fall the first victims, while the masses only gradually become familiar with ideas of opposition, and, remembering the sacrifice of their brethren, are at length aroused to a combat for life or death. Thus a despotic temper, apparently strengthened at first by a temporary gratification, must necessarily either destroy a ruler, or reduce the conquered people to an apathetic serfdom, where every vestige of independence is destroyed. The poet, in his description of the simple and undeveloped life of a shepherd race, expresses this universal and impressive truth, that, among an oppressed people, nothing healthy can flourish—no inspiration of the human mind in poetry or art can succeed, nor can any advancement be looked for even in the rudest material science ; and that, therefore, the first duty of him who will not renounce the desire of human progress, is resistance to despotism.







*Portrait of a Chinese Woman*



## TURANDOT.

(*Turandot.*)

THE proud Turandot is a twin-sister of our northern Brunhilde, with this difference, that the former makes the competition of her suitors intellectual, while the latter commits it to physical strength. They are personifications of that maiden pride which revolts against the thought of submission. Both these women have strong natures, full of the consciousness of their own power, and rebel especially against the idea of becoming the possession of any man, because neither of them had as yet met with a lover who had impressed her with his superiority.

In Turandot we see how it was impossible that her weak father, or any of his courtiers, could instil into her mind the idea of the subjection of her sex, since the poet was careful to represent those surrounding her as either contemptible or ridiculous. If we could be malicious, we might infer, from this disposition for contest, that both women, in their inmost hearts, nursed the wish to be conquered.

It is also evident that the crowd of crazy lovers, greedy for her dowry, could not increase the esteem of Turandot for the male sex. She will have no master who is not worthy to rule her, and whose merit she is not forced to acknowledge, in his possession of distinguished intellect and courage. Hence come the proposed enigmas to her suitors, as well as the results with which she threatens them. It is but reasonable that he who aspires to so great a prize should be worthy of it; that he should possess sufficient penetration to discover her thoughts, however obscured by words; that he should have presence of mind not to lose, even for a moment, complete control of himself, in view of the terrors of death, as well as of the bewildering power of beauty, and while, at the same time, the strongest of passions is raging in his own bosom. If we find this cruel, Truffaldin replies with all authority:

"There's no command that princes take their necks  
To Pekin—no one calls them hither. . . .

We strike

No head from him who brings it with him.  
Already has he lost who stakes it here!

. . . . Every one can woo:

Nothing is easier than to journey  
As a suitor. He lives at no expense,  
Pampers himself, and makes the generous house  
Of his desired relative his home.  
How many a younger son or needy squire—  
Whose carpet-bag gives room for all his goods—  
Subsists upon his love's rejections!

Sometime this place was like a hostelry  
Where came proud princes and adventurers,  
Who wooed the emperor's wealthy daughter.  
E'en the meanest thinks himself quite worthy  
To embrace the maiden's peerless beauty.  
Thus, comrade, you may see how honest  
Is the princess with her eager suitors :  
*Before* marriage she dispenses riddles—  
*Afterward*, indeed, it would be worse ;  
For he is lost who cannot solve the words  
His wife proposes during marriage ! . . .

“ *Brigella*. Well, I care not—let them be enigmas,  
If thus she has the whim to show her wit.  
But must it be that amorous princes  
Lose their heads because they cannot tell  
Her hidden meaning ? That is barbarous ;  
Reason nor honor can have part therein.  
When did you ever hear that loving men  
Must die for what is hard to understand ?

“ *Truffaldin*. And, blockhead, how could she avoid  
the fools—

Who think presumption is their wisdom—  
If they perchance had nothing else to risk  
But once to be disgraced in the divan ?  
No one would shrink to venture on the ice,  
If all the danger were a harmless fall.  
Who fears th' amusing puzzle ? 'Tis a play  
Of words enlisting thought and making mirth ;  
And those who, for the witty princess' sake,  
And her great treasure, might have stayed at home,  
Would come for the solution of her thoughts ;  
For few think less of their own mental skill  
Than of the wealth and beauty of a spouse ! ”

Even if the faculty that solves all the problems

makes the suitor worthy of a throne, it does not of Turandot's heart, since an intellectual and courageous, but, at the same time, emotionless and merely ambitious man, might obtain her. It is this error in her calculation that fills her with apprehension when Kalaf appears, and so easily masters her wisdom. The uncertainty, whether love—which is the only return for love—will be reciprocated, drives her to desperation.

Moreover, a profound anxiety occupies Turandot's heart, because she hears within herself a voice speaking for Kalaf—she is sensible of the power which this stranger exerts over her, and, on his first entrance, she says :

. . . . "No one yet entered  
The divan who e'er could win my love.  
But this man knows the art."

Proud and strong natures always rebel against that which would conquer them : it is the reaction of an intact, healthy temperament against the sweet poison of love. Even in the common affairs of life, any one has the right to set his own price on himself, and the only question is, whether he will find a purchaser ; but it proves that one has a just estimate of himself if he is readily appreciated. Turandot's pride has forced her to demand the highest stake—the venture of her own life—and she is right, because no one ought to unite another life with his own, if he is not ready to give his own for it. Every man seeking wedlock should be willing to do

this. There is consequently no cruelty in the desire of the princess, however quaint and difficult the manner in which the fable is represented.

Though Kalaf has shown that by his endowments he is worthy, yet much is wanting to enable Turandot to be certain of his love ; she therefore confesses hers only after she has made him pass through trial—when she, on her side, has conquered him by the solution of a problem—since by this it was in her power to give herself freely to him, as being the most deserving, after having assured herself of his love by his noble demeanor in temptation.

The artist has represented to us the charming sphinx in the act of drawing aside her veil, after she has propounded the third enigma to Kalaf ; hoping to confuse him by her overwhelming beauty, and thus bear away a double triumph, of which, however, she is not sure, though she will not acknowledge her fear. We cannot dislike her in this mental struggle, since we know how great her humiliation must be, if, after all that has happened, she finds herself conquered. The more precious the metal the more intense must be the fire that is to melt it.









## K A L A F .

(*Turandot.*)

WORKS of art are organizations like man himself, and have a soul like him—that is, a transference of the intellect or feeling which originated them ; and yet another often understands them better than their author. Thus Schiller shows us the soul of Gozzi's fable, which he reconstructed as “*Turandot*,” much better than Gozzi himself ; by means of Brigella's and Truffaldin's prosaic Sancho-Panza-like wisdom, he exhibits, in their burlesque dialogue, the principal idea.

One of the characteristics of our poet is the almost total absence of naïveté. He is always conscious, and so he has but little pleasure in the play, with its fantastic *laissez aller*. The genial capriciousness of the fable does not suit him. He places it involuntarily on too real a foundation, by the concise grandeur of his language, and the distinctness of his sketches. He fills up his figures with a truthfulness and consequence, by the side of which the mere story reminds us of theatrical tinsel in the presence of really precious vestments. The creation of the

Italian was ingenuous, and it was sufficient for him to relate a curious tale, from love of the wonderful, not of the deeper meaning therein contained. With Schiller the reverse is the case : as a philosopher it is a necessity with him to discover the secret import of facts, especially of those the most strange ; to follow the traces of a flighty play or a voluptuous fancy, and reveal from what idea or sentiment it arose ; to bring out this its soul into full light, and let it grow in the sunshine of his intellect. At least thus he treated Gozzi's child's fable ; he understood it aright, and brought it to maturity and meaning.

The poet indicates his greater intelligence by the manner in which he introduces the two principal characters—Turandot and Kalaf—giving a motive for every action, especially ascribing to the prince those qualities that alone can attach a high-spirited and imperial woman.

Kalaf has seen life in all its phases, and passed through the severest trials with a strong and sound mind. Though cast from the summit of happiness into the deepest misery, notwithstanding his manly resistance, yet adversity could not weaken his heart, nor change his regal mode of thinking. He always met misfortune with courage, and humiliation with pride, permitting them to gain no ascendancy over him. He might be precipitated from a throne, but his noble nature could not be sullied, while, at the same time, he became more experienced and resolute. Thus only could he be dangerous to one



like Turandot—a woman seeking not a love-sick boy, but a friendly and true man.

With great wisdom, the poet gives him another qualification that must endear him to a lady jealous of admiration, and who considers it the greatest triumph to conquer one hitherto unmoved by temptation: he has never loved, but in fact despises the female sex. He abhors the strategy of Turandot, which appears a mere caprice, until love opens his eyes:

“And does such idiot live who ventures thus  
His life for wealth or heartless beauty! . . . .  
How could holy Nature make a monster  
Armed against all human love and mercy?  
Down to the dark abyss of Tartarus  
With this Turandot and those who, like her,  
See naught to love but what is in themselves!”

Kalaf laughs at the possibility of falling in love with the princess, when Barak wishes to prevent him from contemplating her portrait:

“You are not wise. But if *you* feel thus weak,  
I am not so. No woman’s beauty e’er  
Hath pleased these eyes, even for a moment,  
Much less subdued my heart. And surely what  
No living, smiling charms could e’er effect  
Fears not the colors of the artist’s brush.  
Vain is your care! My mind, good Barak,  
Has other occupation than love’s folly.”

There are fields of sentiment, as well as of thought, that remain hidden until some accident suddenly reveals

them to our mental vision, affording us an insight into an unimagined world, which cannot fail to surprise and interest us.

Thus it is with Kalaf, in reference to love and women. He despises them because he has never known the heavenly influence of a union of beauty and intellect, having always noticed in his own experience that the one did not imply the coexistence of the other in the same person. But if he had not abhorred Turandot, her portrait would not have made such an enchanting impression on him. He is the more affected just because he judges her harshly—because he has no idea of the happiness resulting from the possession of a noble woman's heart.

As yet, however, egotism is mingled with this sentiment, for he also considers the dowry of the bride when he resolves to risk all to gain her :

“Barak ! betray me not.—Now or never !  
This is the trying hour of my fortune.  
And why prolong a despicable life ?  
The die being cast, I gain a woman  
Fairest of earth's daughters, and an empire—  
Or lose what then becomes a hated life.”

As with Turandot, so with Kalaf—love must soften and purify him before a true union can take place. This process of the gradual elevation of the passion to magnanimity and devotion, the poet has represented with the inimitable hand of a master, for Gozzi was too

sensual to have had a conjecture of what is essential to genuine love.

The artist has painted Kalaf while solving the first problem, having as yet a full consciousness of his superior intellect, so that an ironic smile wreathes his lips ; the adventure pleases him, and he betrays a secret sense of success. The rapid changes in life so frequent at Oriental courts induce an enjoyment in what is unusual and hazardous ; it was therefore absolutely necessary to introduce this element in the person of the prince.









## DEMETRIUS.

(*Demetrius.*)

ONE of the most distinguishing traits of Schiller's genius is political insight—an acute penetration into state affairs—a profound understanding of the life of nations in general, and of each in particular. In this respect, he manifests in his writings, considering the simplicity and seclusion of his life, an almost incomprehensible gift of anticipation. It seems, indeed, incredible that his little journeys from Stuttgart to Weimar could have given him such power of delineation in reference to characters differing so much in race and education. We can, in a small degree, account for this by the fact that, between the years 1792 and 1805, representatives of nearly all the nations of Europe passed through that district. The unceasing struggle of his day is certainly reflected much more in Schiller's muse than is generally conceded, for the noise of battle may be heard not only in "Wallenstein," but in "Tell," and the "Maid of Orleans." We see in them all the armed movements of the spirit of his time.

But nowhere do we find that rare political and national insight more brilliantly at work than in the fragment "Demetrius." The description of the Diet, which opens the piece, is unsurpassed. We fancy we see this Polish *régime* before our very eyes—that restless aristocratic republic, with its unending intrigues and frivolities. We recognize everywhere the national instability, faithlessness, and moral corruption, but sometimes also a chivalrous knighthood, and a superabundance of intellect, while, at the same time, we are reminded of the universal lack of practical sense and tenacity, so that that unhappy country appears as a badly-counselled and spendthrift youth. How the Poles could easily conquer, but not retain—how they felt the heroism of physical contest, but were callous to civic virtues, and loved the war-horse, but despised the plough—all this is represented very skilfully in "Demetrius." No history could so well describe the anarchy of the "Polish Diet" as those few scenes which the poet devotes to its sessions, and which give the impression that the nation, notwithstanding some noble qualities, was incapable of a high civilization.

The filling up of the several parts is as excellent as the general sketch. The influence of the women is especially noticed, beautiful, intellectual, and patriotic, as they were, but also ambitious and cunning, and who find their representative in Marina. The power of the clergy over the popular will is also inimitably portrayed.

Equally well, so far as the work extends, are the Russians contrasted with the Poles. Both are Slavonian races, distinguished by semi-barbarous manners, an easily-excited imagination, and a pleasure in intrigue. The Russians, however, have the advantage of greater attachment to their dynasty, and a more willing submission to authority; they are less independent, but more faithful and honest.

With this background appear the two figures of Marfa and Demetrius—the former terrifying us with her thirst for revenge. German poetry has given us nothing more impressive than the scene where she thinks she has the means of retaliation in her hands :

“ Oh, I can at last my heart unburden,  
 And speak of vengeful but restrained hate!  
   . . . . Who was it that exiled me,  
 Opening a tomb for one who was not dead,  
 But breathing in the bloom of youth's fresh strength  
 With all its pure and loving sympathies?  
 Who tore away my son, forever dear,  
 And bargained with assassins for his life?—  
 Maternal sorrow has no words to tell  
 Of the long watches in the starry night,  
 When yearning I looked up to righteous Heaven,  
 And seemed to doubt its justice by my tears!  
 The tardy hour of vengeance is at hand—  
 Already are the mighty in my power. . . .  
 It is my son!—I cannot doubt it—  
 It is he! and with him moves an army  
 To free his mother, and avenge her wrongs!  
 The sweet wind, kissing my wearied brow,



Tells me of trumpets and the martial tread  
Of the deliverer. Come from your steppes  
In the north, and from the southern forest-shade,  
My friends of distant climes and varied tongues !  
Come, countless as the angry ocean-waves,  
And gather to the standards of your king !  
. . . . Ob, sun, bear on your radiant wings  
My hope ; and thou, the unimprisoned air,  
That quickly makest distant voyages,  
Convey to him my passionate longing !—  
I have nothing now but these my prayers,  
Which, wingéd from my loving inmost heart,  
I send to Heaven for thee, my son !”

Demetrius engages our sympathy by his honesty and firm belief in his right—a sympathy increased by the intelligence and subtlety with which he finds means to gain adherents. He is represented at the moment when he affirms to the Polish Diet his claims to the throne of the Czars, showing as a proof the cross hung around his neck at his baptism.

Demetrius indicates everywhere the Slavonic characteristics in the highest degree : eloquence, quick perception, inherent sagacity, and good-nature, as well as excitability, and attacks of unbridled anger, in one of which he kills a rival ; and, in another, the man who had substituted him in place of the true prince. The poet was obliged to reveal as much as possible this dexterous, panther-like trait, as well as the love for barbarous pomp, distinguishing the Slavons.

If this fragment of a tragedy gives unfulfilled promise



of a masterpiece, it can only heighten our sorrow that death called Schiller so early from his labor, when he had just become perfect in art, and would, doubtless, have given to the world many other evidences of transcendent genius.







## THE PRINCE.

*(The Ghost-Seer.)*

THE moral of Schiller's celebrated novelette "The Ghost-Seer" is, that, if we give but the little finger to the tempter, he will soon take the whole man. It gives us the history of the conversion to Catholicism of a German Protestant prince, representing to us his character and fate — a chef-d'œuvre of psychological development.

Bred at a North German court, the third prince of the blood, he had little hope of ascending the throne. His education had not been properly attended to, for he had received no high connected culture; what he had resulted only from superficial knowledge, the necessary languages, and very desultory reading, as is the case with many of his equals in rank. Such reading, resorted to in ennui, and merely intended to pass the time, had greatly excited his fancy, and, aided by the unpleasant circumstances in which a younger prince always finds himself, rendered him reserved, absent-minded, and meditative. As the best refuge, he entered the army at an early age,



and was in several campaigns. The service gave outward dignity to his character, while experience strengthened his natural peculiarities. Thus passed his youth, but a divided existence between the duties of the camp and a species of day-dreaming, as well as an inherent and acquired timidity, had prevented him from associating with women, so that at the age of thirty-five, and notwithstanding his fine exterior, he was a novice in respect to ladies' society. Add to these antecedents the limited means of a younger prince, whose position, being entirely dependent on the throne, is always a miserable one, and it is easily explained why a passionate and confiding character should be inclined to gravity, or even to melancholy. Incompleteness of education, as well as the listlessness induced by a want of useful occupation, aids greatly, in such a case, to incline the mind to the contemplation of the novel and mysterious. It is much easier to see wonders, and believe miracles, than to study the laws of life and Nature, especially when one is of an indolent and obstinate temperament. In such circumstances the mind—when conscious of the presence of evil-disposed spies—entertains a kind of aversion to what is real, and a profound desire to catch a glimpse of the spiritual—that is, to be deceived. Thus our prince follows, without much thought, the allurements of the Armenian and the Sicilian. It is at the incantation-scene that the artist represents him, making prominent his courage and calmness in supposed danger. The

sound common-sense which he betrays, when afterward judging of these deceptions, is quite relative, as from the beginning he shows too much readiness to believe in the supernatural.

The need of deep religious impressions is here manifest. The prince has become acquainted with Protestantism from its grim fanatic side, which sees in works of art only the enticements of the Evil One, and in life itself nothing but a preparation for death. No wonder that this form of faith did not attract him.

The first illusions in reference to modern miracles, as well as pride in his power of discernment to expose them, lead him naturally into unbelief, for both the falsehoods of superstition and the falsehoods of infidelity are well known to have control alternately in the human soul. Skepticism advanced so much the nearer to him, as in the last century it was extensively associated with aristocratic privileges, which gave to it a sort of character. Religion in the prince's youth had appeared to him always in a most repulsive form—as a wearying system of espionage. But while he gradually frees himself from the bigotry of Protestantism by his own exertion, and inclines to the bigotry of unbelief, he cannot help glorifying himself in his conquest; he strengthens his independence, and diminishes the former distrust of his own judgment. When one begins to admire himself, he soon expects admiration from others; he needs and seeks flatterers, and, if a prince, he is sure

to find them. At first he listens gladly, and finally believes them.

This gradual change in a naturally modest and retiring character is very well described, as also the fact that, when such change has proceeded to a certain extent, momentous consequences are often the result.

His usual reserve has forsaken the prince; he first delights in being brilliant, as a woman, merely by personal appearance—without any assistance from considerations of rank—but he soon uses them to promote the respect he covets. This produces larger pecuniary expenditure, ending in disorder and disgust. A man of princely position becomes thereby ill-humored, and hence appears a stronger inclination to amusement. He wishes to flee from the uncomfortable reproaches of his own mind, and rushes into still greater difficulties. Instead of acknowledging the blame, he ascribes it to others, and feels the necessity of silencing, if he can, the voice of conscience. He is in that state of excitement when love, in its most seductive form, easily conquers a heart hitherto proof against temptation.

It is therefore clear that the object of the prince's violent passion—the Grecian maid—must have great influence over a nature such as his. We have sufficient motive for his conversion to Catholicism in the death of this beloved person, considering the respect with which he regards her memory; in his irretrievable financial embarrassment, united with estrangement from his former

religious principles ; in the longing for some new and mystic system, offering him consolation for the sudden loss of his beloved and redemption from earthly troubles, while, at the same time, the bonds uniting him to his home are apparently and without cause broken asunder.









## THE GRECIAN MAID.

*(The Ghost-Seer.)*

It is well known that "The Ghost-Seer" was originally intended to appear in two parts, though we have only received the first. The second was probably designed to make us better acquainted with the fair unknown, who only appears toward the close, in a kind of episode, which at best is but fragmentary, and calculated to arouse our curiosity. As the heroine, she does not further the action of the plot, the prince being already far gone toward Catholicism without her personal presence or her prayers.

He meets the supposed Grecian maid first at church, and describes her appearance in so vivid a manner that the painter introduces her as she was then seen, "half-kneeling, half-prostrate, near the altar," dressed in black moire-antique, "that, closely fitting her arms and waist, flowed around her like the rich folds of a Spanish robe; her long blond hair, in two broad plaits, had fallen, of its own weight, from beneath her veil, and lay in disorder on her shoulders; one hand rested on the crucifix,

and, gently inclining, she supported herself with the other." This picture suits better a German than a Grecian girl, and it finally appears that she is a German beauty, who, under the glowing sky of Italy, awakens in the prince a passion altogether unconscious of the charms of any fair Venetian.

The manner in which the handsome incognita is announced : first, as the friend or beloved of the Armenian, who plays the principal intriguer's rôle ; then, as if she also inflamed the heart of the Marquis Civitella ; afterward painted as a Madonna, purposely put up for sale ; and, finally, as the fair devotee or penitent in the chapel,—all this makes us suspect her of being a confederate of the Armenian, the cardinal, and the marquis, in their difficult undertaking of converting the prince. Nevertheless, Schiller remorselessly lets her die, just to give more emphasis to the part she played. The prince's companion writes : " During the ten days of her illness he never slept. I was at the *post-mortem* examination. There were traces of poison. She is to be buried to-day." So she was no deceiver, but really loved the prince, and was the friend, perhaps even the daughter, of the Armenian, since we hear of her mother only, a German lady of rank, and of the persecutions of a certain noble who forced her to take refuge in Venice.

The solution of this riddle Schiller would probably have given in his second part of the " Ghost-Seer," which he still owes us because he thought it would not have



repaid the trouble of writing. But, in truth, it seems as if the author had had no determined plan, and that his object was the conversion of the prince, leaving the rest to accident or caprice—to some inspiration that might aid him in the details, and which gave him already, in the Grecian maid, a lovely German, of whom we would gladly know more. As it is, her death does not agree with her appearance on the stage, especially as we are informed, from the correspondence of Schiller with Lotta, that the poet intended her merely as a bait to attract the Protestant to Catholicism.

Without troubling ourselves with the solution of questions that belong to the tale as it exists, or following the traces leading to the source whence Schiller borrowed his materials, let us glance again at the unfinished novel, as it is the only work not having dramatic pretensions of which our illustrations treat. And yet the special genius of the author asserts itself more in this than in any similar contemporary production. Every thing here develops itself dramatically, as well as in his two histories, where the events which pass without comment before our eyes are the most interesting. The unfolding of character, step by step, out of the circumstances surrounding it, and its power, in turn, over them, marking every paragraph with progress, is so much in the manner of Schiller's writings, that he does not forget it anywhere.

The interest never flags. We are always in suspense.



There are none of those numerous episodes, or imitation of that broad epic style characterizing Goethe's novels. We are kept close to the principal object; all inferior scenes are in connection with it, and receive no more attention than to make them illustrate the chief personages. And these never speak as in Goethe, merely to utter profound or beautiful remarks, applicable anywhere, as if the author prided himself on the depth of his intellect, or the complacency of his wisdom. Schiller's characters speak only to advance the action, and reveal themselves. In "The Ghost-Seer" the prince is a dramatic success, quite unlike Goethe's workmanship, whose figures appear finished from the first, and resist every change which might naturally arise from the incidents and progress of the story. Here, on the contrary, we clearly see the secret modifications of character, and the realization of a purpose which we could not have surmised.

As Schiller marvellously illustrates the inner life of man, so also does he know how to employ outward Nature, and the temporary surroundings of his heroes, never failing to bring them to his aid in securing the desired effect. In reading "Tell" the glorious Alps seem to be part of the play—they prepare the heart for the emotions awaiting it. He seemed, in fact, to have a very intimate acquaintance with scenery that his eyes never beheld, as in "The Ghost-Seer." Here we have the noisy throng, and there the mystic and silent

life natural to Venice and the adjacent islands. His portraitures, in a word, are all perfect, and, notwithstanding his inclination to philosophy, he had not yet reached the inference, that, if words are intended to conceal thought, colors are therefore meant to misrepresent the reality.

THE END.





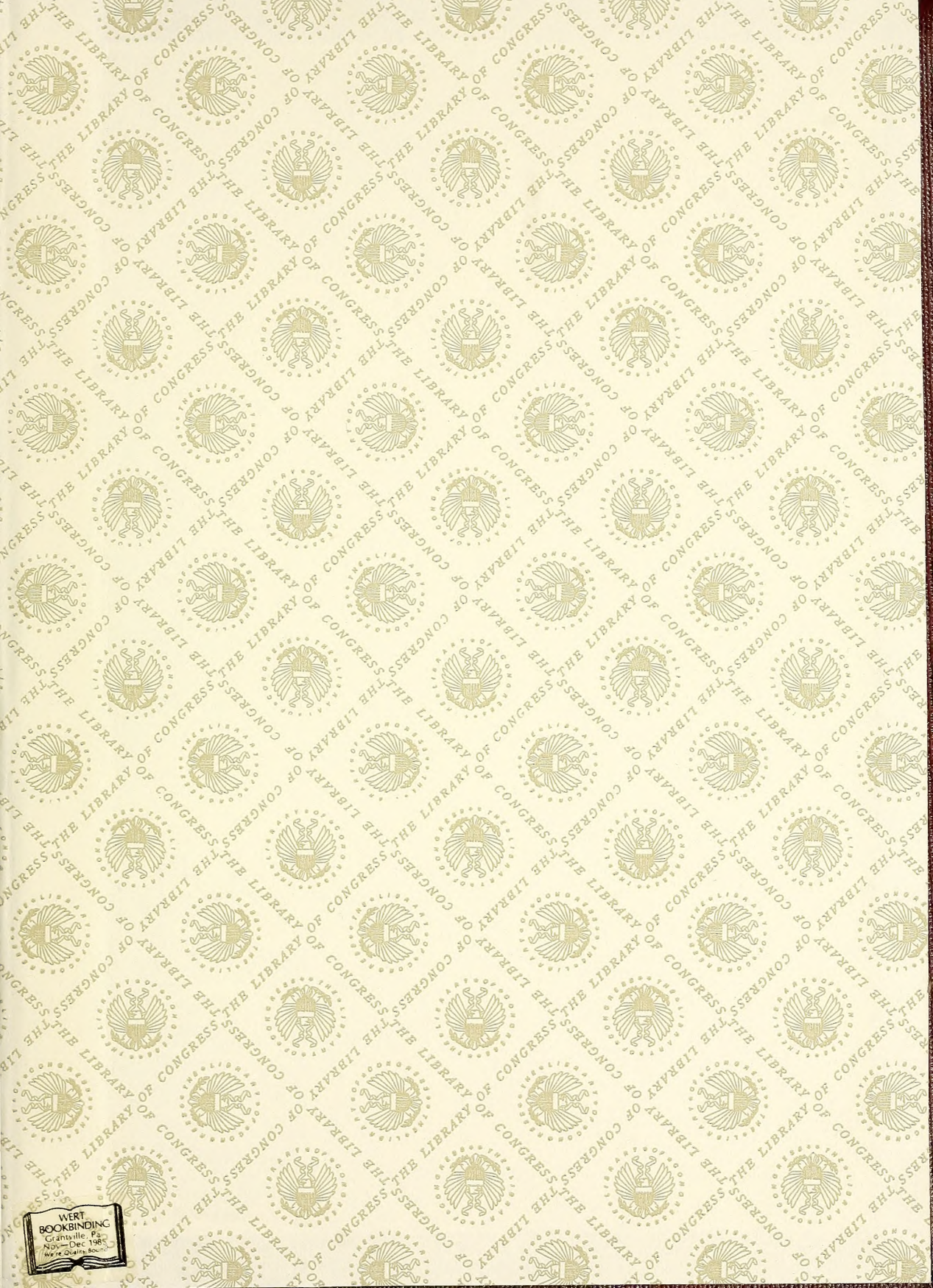












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